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COUNTRY LIFE

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School Thoughts and Memories

MANY a grown man and woman must have been stirred to thoughts far away from the humdrum of life by reading the speech which Sir James Barrie made to 470 girl pupils of Miss Barrie, his niece, who is headmistress at the Wallasey High School for Girls. It contained as much reminiscence as wisdom, and the humour of the speaker was of that gentle and playful sort that stirs to emotion as well as laughter. The very introduction must have stirred the imagination of the girls. They saw their mistress before them, as all mistresses are to their pupils, a being set apart, learned, dignified, distinguished beyond anyone else in their world. Sir James, talking familiarly, produced to them from his memory a picture of this august being, not in the stateliness and maturity of her powers, but as a child of twelve months. That, in itself, must have stirred to the heart those who had the capacity to see that it must have been so. As if to make the visualisation of the baby still more complete, the speaker told how he had whipped her up in his arms in order that she might always be able to say that she had seen Thomas Carlyle, who was passing by at the time. Of the prophet of Ecclefechan he gave a likeness drawn from his own retentive memory. He had often seen him, probably when he was at school at Dumfries, "in his great shovel hat and cloak and thunderous staff—Jove come down for a stroll in his favourite county—and scores of times I

had doffed my hat to him; but, alas! with no response." Carlyle is credited with paying little attention to his own doctrine of silence; but he did carry it out sometimes in private life, as in the case of the man who, in order to boast of having been spoken to by the great man, asked how far it was to Lockerbie, and Carlyle just pointed with his staff to a milestone and walked on. With characteristic drollery, Barrie said, "I hoped he would bless your Miss Barrie that day, and perhaps he did, but it didn't sound like that."

Sir James Barrie went on to speak about his old schooldays, and what he said about them was equally amusing, though the youngest girl probably felt that there was a ghost of a moral "jigging about somewhere in the void." He did not say that he was at the bottom of the class always, as the old generals do in a reminiscent vein, and he did not claim to have been at the top. He only told of his passion for "penny dreadfuls" or, as they came to be called, "shilling shockers." It was a preference shared by Robert Louis Stevenson, who, writing from Samoa of a visit paid to Sydney, told how he had gone into a bookseller's shop where they showed him all the newest and choicest books. What he answered was, "I want no thoughtful works to-day; show me 'Sixteen String Jack the Footpad,' or 'Black Bill the Buccaneer.'" But before this, a copy of *Chatterbox* had cured Sir James of his hunger for the sensational. "By the struggling moonbeam's misty light, And the lantern dimly burning," he stole forth one night to end all connection with the penny dreadful. His pockets were stuffed with all the sanguinary stories he had gloated over, and under his little waistcoat was a shovel with which he dug a grave for them. We gather that he applied himself to school work instead, and he let the jigging moral peep out when he declared that "Not to work is to miss the best of the fun."

Thus he led his hearers to the most important part of the speech. He led them gently, so to speak, all the way to his goal. The greatness of the Public Schools he did not find in scholarship nor physical prowess, an awakened soul or any exclusive manliness, nor even in a superior way of wearing waistcoats. All who have been there are content to describe it as "a something." It is not to be defined in words. It "oozes out of the historic old walls and penetrates through your clothes." Whatever it is, the demand from outside ever grows more strenuous to partake of it. Then he devoted a few sentences of stately eloquence to the charm as well as to the praise of education, to the glories of Oxford and Cambridge—"an enchanted land"—to the many practical advantages. "You can go from here, as numbers do yearly, equipped, or nearly so, to live intelligently by your own work, to make a fair wage in interesting callings." All this culminated in a way that was probably unexpected by the audience. "Never again will it be quite impossible for a girl, poor or rich, to adorn herself in the fair garments of learning." They must not say that the dark days are over, only, "It has begun to be over." The work will be done and the journey completed when it is blazoned over the entrance to Wallasey High School "That every child born into the British Empire should get an equal chance"; and he ended with the homely comment, "That will need some doing."

A speech such as this is enough to make the reader desire that Sir James Barrie had a hundred nieces as distinguished as the headmistress at Wallasey and that each of them found a means of inducing her uncle to give an address to the scholars.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Apsley, whose marriage to Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., M.P., eldest son of Earl and Countess Bathurst, took place on February 27th. Lady Apsley is the elder daughter of the late Captain Bertram Meeking, 10th Royal Hussars, and the late Mrs. Herbert Johnson, M.B.E.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE fact that Mr. Noel Buxton's agricultural proposals, made on Thursday afternoon, met with support from all parts of the House ought to encourage him to go on with them. He did not recommend in his speech any policy that has not been advocated by all parties. We think, therefore, that he would have done well to state explicitly what the obstacles are to agricultural success. He was perfectly right in his description of what he called the colossal import of milk products—about one-half of our butter, nearly three million hundredweights of cheese, valued at £15,000,000, and two million hundredweights of condensed milk, at £6,000,000; but he did not enter into any analysis of the reasons why we were not producing these milk products at home. If the farmer be asked, he has his answer ready. It does not pay him to make butter when he can sell his milk for ready money. He produces only enough milk to meet the fresh milk market and has none over to use as condensed milk. Now, in regard to these products, it is obvious that the only reason why the foreign exporter beats the native farmer is that he has learnt to prepare and market them more cheaply. Can this state of things be altered? Surely, the answer must be in the affirmative.

IN the first place, it demands a large increase of livestock in this country. The co-operation for which the Minister for Agriculture is offering facilities would support itself if the farmers had a large surplus for disposal. Not until they have—not only in the spring and early summer but throughout the year—more milk than they can sell will they turn their attention to butter and cheese making on a large scale. The consumption of milk in this country is small as compared with that of other countries, and it would be to the national advantage were the amount produced largely increased. To effect economy there must be a saving of labour: not a diminution of employment, but a saving effected by getting more out of the machinery and also out of the men. Mr. Buxton just hinted at that when he said he looked forward to a time when the skimmed milk—and, he might have added, butter-milk—will be kept in the country for feeding pigs. There he was on the right line, and the only weak point in his machinery is that it exerts no power upon the individual farmer to make him adopt this line of economy.

IN regard to pigs, the argument can be applied still more effectively. The annual import of bacon amounts to about half the pig-flesh products consumed in this country. That offers a splendid field for enterprise and improvement, and we do not think that Mr. Buxton is wrong in naming the bacon factory as the agent most likely to produce the result aimed at. Organised on the right lines, it secures for the farmer in the first place an adequate price for his

pigs without his having to face the haggling of the market. He can make a profit also by taking shares in the factory, so that in this way the difficulties arising out of having too many distributors can be abolished. The farmer, through a bacon factory, becomes his own distributor. If his herd of cows be increased at the same time and a creamery established, so that the work of butter and cheese making can be done on a large scale and cheaply, then his enlarged dairy herd will be of more value and the pigs will show more earning power. The movement is going on already, but not very fast; it requires a little gentle stimulation to be applied from time to time by the Minister for Agriculture, and then all will be well.

AFTER suffering from ill health for many years, Mr. Tom Speedy died at Liberton, Midlothian, on Wednesday night. He began work on the farm at the age of ten and later on took to gamekeeping. That was at Ladykirk on the Tweed. The Marjoribanks of that time took a special interest in a lad whose mind was already stored with the facts of natural history. There was very little in Scottish sport or in the ways of Scottish wild birds or wild beasts on which he was not to become a recognised authority and consulted on many important occasions. Before the Grouse Commission, for instance, he gave most valuable evidence, fearless of contradiction, because he recorded only what he had seen. As a writer on sport, he secured a high position based on the width of his knowledge and his general accuracy. Neither by his education at a little country school, nor by any remarkable gift of fancy or imagination was he able to glorify his descriptions of wild life as they were glorified by Richard Jefferies, Thoreau and others who had added to their own gatherings from the open air a habit of thinking more deeply by their custom of reading books for their literary sense as well as for their instruction. The printed word was of very little value to Speedy unless it was to confirm or enlarge his own definite knowledge. What has been called embroidery, but in the best writers is the play of poetry and fancy, was an unknown world to him, and it is to his credit that he did what he knew he could do without venturing into competition with those who had an intellectual equipment of a kind different from his own.

AN IRISH CRADLE SONG.

Is it the storm?
Fear not the storm,
Sleep through the storm, mavourneen.
Fear not that the rains are drumming the sods,
Fear not for the whining of withies and rods,
'Tis the blessed Dagda, father of gods,
Father of Angus Lord of Love,
Whittling a spear in the cold grove.

Over the land,
Over the sea,
Over the land came Lugh,
With a painted bow, on a horse that flew,
With an armour of light, and a war-cry new.
So gather the lids on thine eyes of blue,
'Tis he, and no storm, no storm I ween.
Fear not the storm,
Fear not the storm,
Sleep through the storm mavourneen.

H. W. HAYWOOD.

IT will be extremely interesting to learn how many replies are made to the very sporting challenge which Sir Walter Gilbey made at the meeting of the Shire Horse Society. He offers to pay £100 to the Agricultural Benevolent Society if anyone can bring forward a team from any of the other heavy horse breeds that will pull the 18½ tons shifted by a team of Shires. There are not a great number of breeds from which to choose, and probably, if there were any betting, the money would be laid on the Suffolk Punch with odds on the Shire. There is no doubt of the pluck and stamina of the East England breed, and an attempt to beat the records set up by the Shires would be tempting. The Clydesdale also would be a worthy opponent.

SOME shrewd comments on the new Rents Restriction Bill were expressed at the meeting of the Property Owners Association last week. It is a measure aimed directly at property and private enterprise and combines, in a manner with which we shall soon grow familiar, bitterness against the principle of private property, with astonishing ignorance of actual conditions. Private enterprise in industrial housing was just beginning to get under way again after the war and post-war experiments. These latter—comprised in the phrase, "The Addison scheme"—should be a sufficient warning to advocates of uneconomic State undertakings, exerting as they do an enormous drain on the country's finances.

IF football matches were decided by rule of three, the Army should this year be certain of winning the championship of the three Services; for, first the Navy beat the Air Force, and then, on Saturday last, the Army beat the Navy by two goals and three tries to a goal. However, these Service matches are like those between the Universities: to be the favourite is not necessarily to win. The Army forwards had a great share in Saturday's victory, and had the best of their adversaries, whose ranks were, by comparison, bristling with Internationals. Their backs, too, were good. By their fine tackling they rendered Stephenson comparatively innocuous, and Millar ran with the greatest dash and resolution in scoring his four tries. By doing so he may have embarrassed still further those who have to choose the Scottish team against England. They have first the problem of Gracie: whether to choose a great player for his own sake or to leave him out rather than disturb the symmetry of the Oxford line of three-quarters. And now Millar, who did not play very well against Ireland, has shown that this was not his true form.

MR. MACLEOD again won the Amateur Billiard Championship after a very fine match, and seems, temporarily, at least, to have just got the measure of Mr. Graham Symes, even as Mr. Symes has of his old adversary, that great match player, Mr. Sidney Fry. Mr. Macleod made a bad start and once lagged a long way behind, but he spurted gallantly to take the lead, and after that, though he was once passed again, yet he seemed to have just the inside turn. Meanwhile, Smith, in his match with Newman at Newcastle, was doing almost incredible things. For the whole fortnight's play his average was 102, and for the second week it was 140. Both these achievements are stated to be "world's records," and we can well believe it. Yet Smith only beat Newman by 631 points in 16,000 up, and these two players have certainly brought the art of amassing breaks to a pitch never before approached.

THE arguments against the proposed St. Paul's Bridge have been briefly and fairly summed up in a statement to the Premier by the R.I.B.A., the London Society, the Town Planning Institute and the Architecture Club. Their view is as broad as that of the bridge authorities is narrow, and it is most satisfactory to see the support given to the statement by the Press. These bodies have formed a joint deputation to wait on the Premier who, one has reason to believe, has very decided ideas on the development of London. Their points are four. First, that the scheme lacks forethought, having, so far as anybody knows, no relation to any comprehensive plan for the rearrangement of traffic ways. Second, the point on the Surrey side which it will link up has already direct access to the little used Southwark Bridge, which is within 300yds. The bridge, moreover, is connected with no scheme for developing the Surrey side. Thirdly, on the Middlesex side, the viaducts carrying the approaches may "produce an embarrassment of street planning and of hygienic arrangement in a crowded area," quite apart from the undoubtedly bad result of heavy work and traffic anywhere near St. Paul's Cathedral. Fourthly, the introduction of a north and south highway at the east end of St. Paul's must inevitably lead to serious obstruction of existing east and west traffic, especially in Cheapside and Cannon Street. Thus the bridge has every

chance of becoming an impediment rather than an improvement, is based on inadequate study of present difficulties, and may easily prove a costly blunder. The committee point out that two bridges await construction in connection with arterial approach schemes, both at Mortlake and Richmond. We have never heard the arguments of the Bridge House Trusts in favour of the bridge. Nor can we conceive how such a narrow-minded attitude could possibly be justified.

AFTER the Shire comes the Hunter and after the Hunter comes the Pony Show: so this can properly be termed the time of the light horse. The Government seem to have thought this when they timed to appear in the present week their statement that from April 1st the administration of light-horse breeding in Great Britain is to be transferred from the Ministry of Agriculture to the War Office. Breeders are told not to be alarmed at this change, as it will entail no loss of attention to the interests of the breeder of light horses. On the contrary, it is expected that the War Office will "grade up" the quality of the light horse and eliminate as far as possible the defective animal unfit for military or any other useful purpose. On the part of the military it is also stated that, far from being indifferent to the cause of cobs and ponies, the value of cobs and all the various mountain and moorland breeds of ponies is recognised as the foundation stock from which other types of light horses derive some of their chief qualities. The military authorities regard the encouragement of pony breeds indigenous in Great Britain as a very important factor in securing success to any scheme for the production of light horses.

A WISH.

When my days in the East are finished,
And my exile time is done,
I will go back to my Devon,
A prodigal son;
For I left her moors and her valleys
Her streams and her little hills,
Her tors and her purple heather
And her daffodils,
'Cause I thought that the vaunted glamour
Of the stifling, teeming East
Would satisfy my ambition!
But the longing has never ceased
To sail away back to my Devon,
Where the red cliffs meet the sea
And the grey moor rolls to northward
In its mystery.
I'll build me a house on a hill-top
By a little wooded creek,
From where I can watch the Channel
Like a silver streak.
The smell of the heather will greet me,
The voice of the moor will call,
The rivers will ripple their welcome
In the dearest county of all.

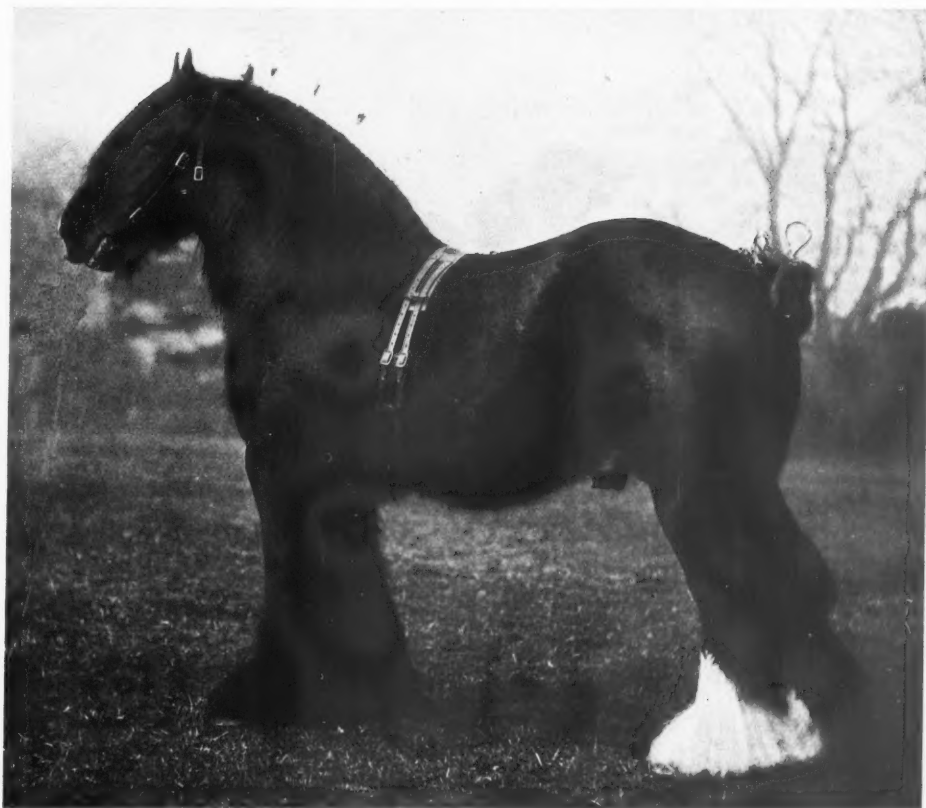
A. R. U.

WE are ever becoming a more statistical race, and even medical men are getting into the habit of setting forth their conclusions in figures. Certainly, arithmetic lends emphasis to a report just issued by the Ministry of Health on "The Incidence of Rheumatic Diseases." Rheumatism is the curse of the working man, especially of the toiler who plies his spade and mattock in rain and sun, and seldom takes the trouble to change wet apparel for dry, and in winter often wears boots that are through the sole. The panel system is not, perhaps, very highly appreciated in England, but, at any rate, it has led to an investigation into the prevalence of this painful disease. The approved societies in the course of each year pay nearly £2,000,000 in sick benefit to sufferers from rheumatism, and those who are insured are idle for 3,000,000 weeks of work. *En passant*, as it were, it is to be wished that a similar calculation should be made of the wastage due to strikes every year; probably a strike is costlier even than rheumatism.

SHIRE HORSES AT ISLINGTON

THE main features of the Shire Horse Show this year corresponded to the condition of agriculture. Horse-

breeding as a luxury has been cut down tremendously and the best type of breeder is now concentrating on utility. He sees a great field before him for geldings, and the claim is fairly well established that, of our heavy horses, the Shire is the most powerful. On Monday a Liverpool team created a sensation that went far beyond Shire circles when it shifted a burden of no less than 18 tons 13 cwt. At the annual meeting and dinner Sir Walter Gilbey very properly eulogised this performance as one of the best ever seen. He frankly challenged patrons of any other breed to bring forward a team capable of a similar performance; in fact, he was so strong on the matter that he, on the spot, declared himself willing to give £100 to any charitable cause that might be named by anyone who could produce horses of another breed as good at pulling as the Shire. It is all to the advantage of the breed that attention should be called to the strength that corresponds with their magnificent framework and weight. The calculation is, that a certain class of work which is now done by mechanical power costs so much more than if it were done by horses that it takes away all the possible remuneration. Trials, at any rate, give a new zest to the



G. H. Parsons. THE CHAMPION STALLION, HERONTYE BUSCOT.

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interest in Shire horses. Nothing has happened for many a year that led to more talk about them. We have no doubt that there are many horse breeders in the country who will take up the glove so gallantly flung down by Sir Walter Gilbey and endeavour to show that the Shires

have their equals in the Suffolk Punches or another of their heavy-weights in horse-flesh.

The market, of course, has to be made for commercial Shires, and it could not be expected that in the depressed times through which we are passing there would be much keen bidding for the geldings that were put up. Geldings were an extremely strong lot in the show, and it was two belonging to the Liverpool Corporation, that in the competition on Wednesday, moved 18 tons 13 cwt. Unfortunately, the wood pavement gave way under the load and a third horse had to be brought in to enable the competitors to complete.

It was conceded by every visitor to the show that, though the number of exhibits was below the normal, the quality was as good as anything seen at Islington. One cause of that may be that many horses that, in times more favourable to agriculture, would have been retained as sires can now be seen as geldings. Only the very best apparently have been retained for the stud. The championship of the show was well won by Mr. James Gould, with his stylish stallion, Herontye Buscot. He has a noticeable look of the Harold blood, of which he came. His happy possessor deserves



W. A. Rouch.

CHAMPION MARE, ERFYL LADY GREY.

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to be congratulated and so does Mr. Andrew Devitt, the breeder. The reserve for the championship was won by Mr. J. Q. Rowett's Sundridge Nulli Secundus. The Duke of Devonshire's Cippenham Friar is a fine stallion well deserving to lead his class. The fifty-guinea gold challenge cup, for the best mare or filly, went to Mr. G. R. C. Foster with Erfyl Lady Grey, and the gold medal for the reserve to the same owner with Gunby Autumn Tints. Erfyl Lady

minds. There are a great many things to be taken into consideration before the change is made.

A striking and prominent feature of the show was the class for yearling stallions, the class, that is to say, on which the immediate future of the breed must depend. There were no fewer than thirty-eight entries, that is, the largest of any class in the show, though that point, of course, might be stressed too much. More stallions are shown as yearlings than at any

other age, as it would be found on enquiry that when the entrants come to be two year olds some of them have fallen out of the ranks or, in plainer words, become recognised as duds; a percentage either dies off or suffers some mishap and a considerable number turns out to be good but not to have that additional quality which goes to make a champion. That is the reason why the yearling entries exceeded those of the two year olds, which had thirty entrants, though only twenty-three put in an appearance. There were twenty-nine three year olds and twenty-two four year olds. The winner in the class of yearling stallions was Coleshill Inventor by Primley Inventor. He was bred by Mr. F. D. Bowyer and is owned by Mr. W. H. Neale of Shustoke, Coleshill. Inventor is a large, well knit brown with the probability of a brilliant career before him. Second place was taken by Messrs. A. H. Clark and Son's Moulton Harboro', bred by Major G. R. Benson of Much Wenlock, Salop. His sire was the London champion Harboro' Nulli Secundus. The third prize went to Tanatside Clan Chieftain belonging to Mr. W. J. Cumber.

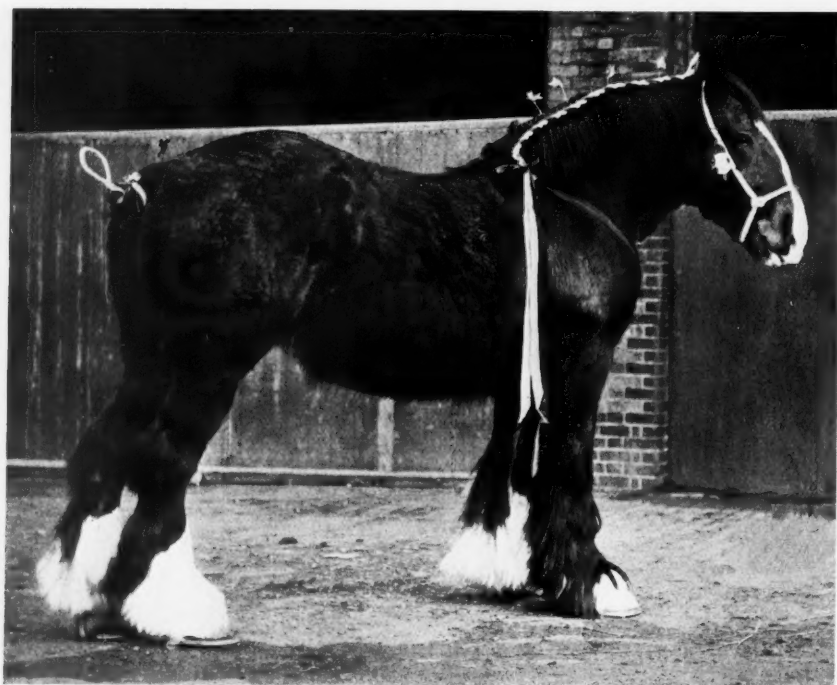
Another foal of Harboro' Nulli Secundus was first in the two year old class. He is a very fine youngster, worthy of his descent from Childwick Champion. Sir Arthur Nicholson produced the first of the three year olds with Cowage Clansman, also of the Childwick Champion stock. First among the four year old stallions was the Duke of Devonshire's Cippenham Friar, a last year's winner.

There were not as many entries in the female classes as in the male. The yearling fillies numbered twenty-three, and there was a deliberation lasting seventy minutes before the award was given in favour of Harlestone Lady 2nd, her strongest opponent being the Duke of Westminster's Eaton Queen. She was heavier than the winner, but lacked the character of that filly. The third prize was awarded to Mr. Benjamin Howkins for his Brookfield's Jonquil by Pendley Record out of a Primley Eminence mare. In the two year old class Lieutenant-Colonel A. Falkner Nicholson was awarded the first prize for Pendley Selina, for which he paid 300 guineas at the Pendley sale. Her breeding may be called classical, as she is by Herontye Goalkeeper. The second place was given to the Duke of Devonshire's Chatsworth May Queen, a splendid mare by the King's famous stallion Field Marshal 5th out of a mare by Friar Tuck 4th. There were twenty-

one entries in the three year old class, the first place being taken by the renowned Leek Pearl by Champion's Goalkeeper. Second was Mr. G. R. C. Foster's Medmenham Princess. Of the fifteen entries in the class for four year old mares thirteen received awards, first place being given to West Dunley Pantomime, a black by Royal Sovereign 5th. She was bred by Mr. F. W. Daniell in Wiltshire and is now owned by Mr. H. S. Tanburn of Ashbourne. The second place fell to Moulton Messenger's Princess. In the class for mares five years old and upwards first place was taken by Coddington Jewel, a well known mare belonging to Mr. Thomas Simpson Haynes.



JUNIOR MALE CHAMPION, COWAGE CLANSMAN.



W. A. Rouch. JUNIOR FEMALE CHAMPION, LEEK PEARL.

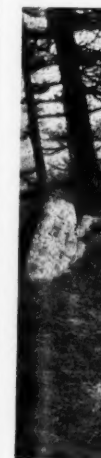
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Grey was one of the two that won favour on sight. The grey captured the public first, but the second, Gunby Autumn Tints by Champion's Cupbearer was not far behind. The chief winners with geldings were: T. M. Watson (Whinney Craftsman), J. H. Appleby and Sons (Bradgate Ben), S. Leggate and Son (Dogdyke Thumper), and G. Marsh and Son (Captain).

The sale can scarcely be called very successful. Of forty-five geldings offered the first day only fifteen found new owners. It would appear as though many who are thinking about returning to the use of horse power have not yet quite made up their

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SPORT IN NORTH CHINA

SOME weeks ago I read in one of the papers that a takin had been captured in Northern India and was now on view in the London "Zoo." The takin, or golden fleece, is one of the rarest of the mountain sheep. Little is known of its habits and haunts beyond the fact that it has been occasionally encountered over a range of country from Northern India to North-West China, and I think I am correct in stating that only five have ever been shot. It certainly is to be regretted that more of our sportsmen who trudge to Africa for big-game do not go farther afield and try their luck in North China. After a residence of twenty years there I can affirm that it offers ample scope, excellent climate, congenial native hunters and—not the least important consideration—an inexpensive trip.

Apart from hunting the altogether too elusive takin in Shen-Si, there is the famous Argili sheep or Big-horn (*Ovis commosa*) on the borders of Mongolia. A good head of this beast

unfortunately, soon be extinct, as they are being persecuted for their horns for medicinal purposes. These are worth at least



ON THE SECOND DAY OUT FROM TAI YUEN FU.

THE AUTHOR AND A GUN COOLIE.
Altitude, 7,000ft.BIG-HORN OR MOUNTAIN GOAT.
Horns: circumference, 17½ins.; length, 41½ins.

with, say, 45in. to 50in. horns is considered the finest trophy anyone can secure. There is also the spotted deer (*Sika*) in the Ko-Lan Mountains in Shen-Si, but this, like the musk deer, will,

150 taels per pair when in velvet—about May. In addition, there are the wild boar in Shen-Si, and tigers in the Diamond Mountains, with pheasants, grouse, partridge, wild geese, swan and duck by the million along the South Manchurian coast right across to Korea.

A return trip for, say, four or five guns from London to the Shen-Si Mountains and the Mongolian border, with Korea thrown in, would take approximately eight months; and, roughly estimated, the inclusive cost would work out about £1,200 per gun. This would include sight-seeing in Japan and Peking, steamer *via* Suez out and back, hotels at Shanghai, Peking, etc., local coast steamers, trains, three months by pack animals, native hunters, coolie carriers and all gratuities, everything in the best style and first class throughout.

A short sketch of my last trip in this part of the world may prove interesting to those who are longing for new fields for sport. My companion and myself, together with ten pack mules and carriers, left Peking on November 11th last, *en route*



PART OF THE BAG.

to the Ko-lan-shan Mountains, some 300 *li* to the north. So far as I know, only four other white men have ever been there, and only one reached the top, some 7,000ft. Our original intention was to go by rail to the extreme north of Shan-Si and shoot big-horn, but brigands being prevalent in the district we were strongly advised to try the central part, where all was peaceful and spotted deer were said to be available. Leaving Tai-yuen-fu, which is thirty hours by rail from Tientsin, we spent five and a half days in the saddle before reaching the deer forests, some 7,000ft. up. The weather in the valleys was warm for that time of year, but no sooner had we gained the higher altitudes than snow began falling. Four days were spent looking for the Sika, and we at last found a herd of six in thick forest. Owing, however, to the crust on the deep snow crunching at every step, stalking proved impossible. That night, snow again fell heavily, and in the morning we were advised to get out of the district at once and make for the lower valleys, otherwise we should be snowed up for weeks. Hence we retired without firing a shot from country which, though wild and deserted looking, was grand in the extreme. Whenever possible, we spent the evenings and nights in woodmen's huts. The pig country next received our attention, the weather lower down proving delightful. Leaving our shot-guns in camp until such time as we might need them for pheasant, we enjoyed some fine sport with our rifles.

On the whole, my companion, B., was more fortunate than myself. The second day out a wild boar jumped out of a bush not 30yds. away, and he bowled it over. It weighed, whole, 320lb. (the record for China being 333lb.); length over all, 6ft. 2ins.; girth behind shoulder, 52ins. Later I bagged a fine specimen, weighing 254lb., while running at about 150yds. range; also a sow at 170yds., standing. The largest roebuck fell to me, but B. got the best head. Altogether, we bagged eight roebuck and



DEER COUNTRY.

six pig—total weight, 1,617lb.—besides sixty-two head of pheasant, chukar (French partridge), etc. We also got an eared pheasant the size of a small turkey, and a badger. The pigs had to be skinned and cut up as we moved along, because most of them were too heavy for one pack mule to carry. The hills were not too difficult to climb, and altogether it was quite a wonderful experience.

We gained useful knowledge in comparing the results obtained with several kinds of rifles and various makes of bullets. Pig were very difficult to kill, and we found that an ordinary bullet out of a Winchester or a Savage rifle would not even stop them, let alone bring them down; but when B. used his .333 and I my .303 with soft-nosed bullets, not a single animal that was hit got away. Fortunately, a railway strike, which had led us to charter an aeroplane, was settled unexpectedly, and we managed to reach Peking on Christmas Eve.

W. H. ADGEY-EDGAR.

THE LADY AND THE BISQUE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

A GREAT and learned golfer and a staunch Tory who was looking on at the match between the ladies and the men at West Hill last week said sternly that bisques constituted a tennis handicap and not a golfing one. That is undoubtedly true, but they can be very good fun for all that—especially for those who receive them. I suppose all of us have at one time or another made experiments with bisques, but I have never heard of them being tried in a set contest between two teams until last week. Miss Leitch has always been anxious that the ladies should receive bisques instead of strokes in the annual Stoke Poges match, and I presume that she and Mr. Janion hatched this plot between them. If so, they deserve gratitude for a most pleasant day's golf, the only sunshine that any of us had seen for weeks, and some data on which to draw a few conclusions as to bisques.

As to my own share in the contest I do not propose to say much. I never had beforehand any illusions as to my power of giving such a golfer as Miss Joyce Wethered six bisques. When I heard that I had to try I thought of one tag from Euclid, namely, "which is absurd." When she had beaten me I thought of another—"Quod erat demonstrandum." A great many propositions of Euclid do not, in fact, want any demonstrating to a sensible person. You can see that those infernal angles are equal to one another without all that pother of A's and B's. Neither did the fact that I could not give Miss Wethered six bisques want any proof. As far as I know I only had one supporter. A much beloved old family servant, on reading the result of the match, said she thought it a great shame that men should have to play against ladies, since "of course, they would not hit as hard as they could." I wish I were as chivalrous as she believed; but, in fact, I should have loved to beat my lady, only I could not hit anything like hard enough—or straight enough.

I must confess to having derived a little half malicious consolation from the fact that Major Hezlet received equally severe chastisement at Miss Leitch's hands. I also derive the impression that six bisques are enormously valuable, decidedly

more valuable than nine strokes. Major Hezlet is not only a very good golfer, but a very reliable one, and finely as Miss Leitch played, I fancy that when in receipt of a half she would very, very seldom beat him in so crushing a manner. At the end of the day I think practically all the players, both givers and receivers, were agreed that six bisques were worth more than a half. In that case five bisques must be the nearest possible equivalent, and yet five sounds so much less than six that I hesitate. However, there were among the players two who had tried the experiment frequently. In a long series of matches in which the man has conceded a half he is considerably ahead. With five bisques the lady has had the best of it.

One thing which struck me about bisques as a handicap is that a great deal depends on the first few holes. Supposing that the receiver plays just as well as the giver for those first holes, crowds on all sail and takes bisques freely in order to win them, he (or she) may gain so commanding a lead that there is grave danger of a runaway match. The giver's great chance is to play better at the start, to force the receiver to use bisques to keep his head above water (I seem to be using very maritime metaphors). If he can do that, he may hope that a little time after the turn the receiver will feel very lonely and, as it were, naked with no bisques left in store, and will fade away accordingly.

I have assumed that a player who is in receipt of any considerable number of bisques will not hoard them but will try to forge ahead early by their means. This was the policy generally, but not universally, adopted by the ladies at West Hill. Some played the cat-and-mouse game, and one won her match, if I do not err, with some of her allowance intact, which was adding insult to injury. I confess that I was relieved when my lady began to use hers with no niggard hand, because I had self-conscious fears of some such headline as "Lady champion annihilates man without using a stroke." That is by the way, however, and, generally speaking, I believe it is good policy to use your bisques and gather your rosebuds while you may. I am no bridge player, but I have had it impressed on me that to

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bottle up aces is a tactical error, and much the same applies to bisques. It is all very well to be all square with one hole to go and two bisques still unused, but what if through some unaccountable circumstance you miss just that one tee shot and put your ball into the heart of a clump of gorse? Is there not a well known proverb that a bisque in the hand is worth two in the bush? I remember once to have stood two down with four to go with two bisques still to give, and then I began to fluke threes and my enemy to take sixes, so that his two bisques were of no use to him till I stood dormy one. If he had taken those two bisques earlier and so made himself dormy four I do not suppose that I should have done the threes nor he the sixes. Each of us must study his own temperament and his adversary's. If you know your besetting weakness to be that of collapsing when a long lead begins to dwindle, then you will probably be well advised not to go ahead too fast but to keep a reserve. Again, your enemy may be at his best with clenched teeth and a desperate spurt from a long way behind, or he may have a definite breaking point. However, it is a matter on which it is easy to refine overmuch, and whatever else you do you must not "go to bed with" a bisque.

When it came to the foursomes at West Hill the bisques did not seem such formidable engines of female attack. In fact, the ladies only won one of the four, one was halved (very luckily

for the men of whom I was one) and the other two they lost. I do not know that this proves anything in particular, because it seems to be a recognised fact that ladies do not play so well in foursomes with each other as they do in singles. In the Stoke Poges match they have always lost ground in the foursomes. What makes this the more curious is that in the mixed foursomes at Worplesdon it is the ladies who seem to be playing faultlessly and the clumsy blundering men who are going into the heather.

In any case I do not think bisques will ever be popular in foursomes for the reason that they call for frequent conferences between the two partners, and these conferences have to be hurried, since a decision must be taken before the next tee shot is struck. No doubt the best plan is to have a captain of the side, an autocrat such as is the skip in curling, but the responsibility would be a heavy one. Indeed, one or two of the ladies found the agitation of having to decide when to take their bisques so great that they almost yearned for strokes again. Sometimes, too, their caddies vehemently disagreed with their policy. It is, indeed, possible to imagine the most dreadful scenes occurring if a typical, domineering Scottish caddie disapproved of his employer's plan of campaign. But no—a proper Scottish caddie would decline to have anything to do with such a new-fangled and ungolfing invention as a bisque.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

PROFITABLE FARMING.

CORNBURY FARM is situated on the edge of Salisbury Plain within a few miles of Lavington. It extends to about a thousand acres and, judging from the size and number of its outbuildings, must at some period have been an important holding. The buildings remain standing to-day, huge in size, heavily thatched, but wearing obvious signs of having become out of date. Without knowing its history, one guesses that it was a flourishing place previous to the great depression of the eighties of last century. It was not improved by the war, as a considerable part of it was devoted to artillery practice. The agriculture commonly pursued on the downland hereabouts is that of sheep farming, and a prejudice still remains that this alone is suitable to the soil, which is light and shallow and rests upon chalk. Eleven years ago it was taken by Sir Leonard Powell, who, four years ago, had the good luck to obtain the services of a very efficient Dane, under whose management the farm has gradually come round to a flourishing condition. The minute accounts kept were open to inspection, and the figures showed clearly that the deficit on the balance is being decreased steadily. It was, therefore, a very interesting place to go over. Mr. Carstens, the Dane in question, has not followed the English tradition, and it is well worth while on the part of English farmers to look into the differences of method and see how far they are sound and worth adaptation.

OLD PREJUDICES AND A NEW SYSTEM.

On land farmed by Englishmen it is not unusual to be told that it is almost impossible to give the exact cost of growing wheat, because the cultivation is carried out according to the theory that wheat is the main support of the farm and the other crops are more or less in the nature of preparation for it. Now, this is obviously a survival from the war times that ended with the Battle of Waterloo. Wheat during that period reached its highest price. There was, practically speaking, no importation of foreign grain, but, on the contrary, a small export. In fact, the period was that which has been described as the "wheat fever" period. The furrow marks show that land of every description was utilised for producing this crop, but wheat in our day has been dethroned from its pride of place. It can be brought into this country and sold at a price which is scarcely sufficient to pay the wages bill. Still, the old-fashioned farmer clings to the superstition. He cannot rid himself of the idea that growing wheat is the backbone of farming. Mr. Carstens, not being a native of this country and having received his agricultural education in Denmark, is no believer in cereals as a mainstay. Yet he finds it possible to grow wheat on this soil at a profit when it is 39s. to 40s. a quarter. The main difference between his practice and ours seems to be that, instead of thinking of wheat all the time, he has worked out plans for making every course in the rotation profitable in itself, also he has discovered many devices for saving time and labour. His dependence is placed on stock and arable farming. The first place is occupied by pigs, the second by a dairy herd and the third by poultry.

METHOD OF PIG-KEEPING.

The pigs, under adequate direction, are most efficient and thrifty workers. They are kept on the open-air system, and the constituents of their rations are given in a table at the end of these remarks. At a first glance, the country does not seem particularly well adapted to rearing pigs. It is characteristic of Salisbury Plain, that is, it lies at a good elevation—a wind-swept upland, in fact—where there are, practically speaking, no trees or other natural shelter. There is an advantage in the country being dry, because the chalk has been able to absorb even the continuous rains of this rainy winter; but it should be observed that in an exposed position it is necessary to feed against the low temperature as well as for fattening purposes. The animal that is exposed to biting cold winds requires more food than one protected from them. The breed kept is the Wessex Saddleback. It was not the original choice of the manager, but is preferred by the local bacon factory, and there can be no question about the necessity to meet the requirements of so useful an institution for farmers as a bacon factory. The animals are not equally well bred, but all are of good strain; they are not kept for show purposes, and at present the sale of pedigree stock is only under contemplation. A number of animals of pure blood are kept, and the foundation of a pedigree stock has been

laid, but the main consideration at present is to meet the commercial demand; and just as there is no good horse of a bad colour, so there is no need to be careful of points when show prizes are not the end in view. How these pigs assist in the work of cultivation can be shown in very few words. Sows and gilts are folded like sheep on the grassy downland, and before they are put out there is a good allowance of straw waste scattered on the ground; one might think it was a little too thick till the pigs set to work. It is astonishing how soon the straw is trampled, not only into manure, but into good black mould by the treading and the natural manure of the animals. Fattening pigs are folded on arable during summer and on old grass or part of a root field in winter. The fences for the fold are made of hurdles that are not dear to purchase and can be very quickly shifted. It may easily be recognised that these folds, ever advancing over the plain, have an extraordinarily good effect on the soil. When ploughed in, the first crop taken is usually oats. The experiment is being made this year of sowing oats and wheat at the same time, thereby saving ploughing for wheat. At present, this is being done only on an acre or two, so that the results cannot be studied before wider application is made of the plan. Usually strong oats come after pigs; the stubble is ploughed out after harvest and wheat sown without any other preparation. The land under preparation for wheat is always yielding a profit; and as the pigs are most useful in clearing the soil of weeds, there is very little extra cultivation needed for the cereal crop beyond ploughing, sowing and, at the proper time, dressing with artificial manure. The pigs are sold to the factory at the age of seven months, and provide a solid and dependable source of income.

THE CATTLE.

A good bull is kept, but the cows and heifers have, as a rule, been bought at neighbouring markets. They arrive with no pedigree, but it is evident that the purchaser has an eye for the milker, and they look a practical herd. The milk is carefully weighed, and above each stall is placed the record of the day, from which one gathers that the daily yield ranges from two to five gallons. If those that gave less than three gallons had been eliminated, there would have remained a very good return for the lot. There are 60 cows in milk.

The herd is a source of profit to the farm, but not of such large profits as Mr. Carstens would like to see. He comes from a country where creameries are the rule and not the exception, as with us, and he is a thorough believer in them. He takes a broad-minded view of the whole subject and sees that the great need in England at the moment is that corn farmers should change to arable dairy-farming and grow the same acreage with crops to feed the cattle—green cropping, silos and so on. They might sell their milk to butter and cheese factories run by themselves, taking back the skimmed milk to fatten their pigs in the open air if no buildings are available. Grass farmers could run twice as much stock by using a few of their acres to grow green stuff and they should have more silos. It is most necessary that they should store and utilise the liquid manure of the dairy herd; in fact, all the liquid manure available. In this way they can afford to sell their cheese and butter at prices to compete with those countries which are exporting them at the present moment; and if it be remembered how much money we can keep in a country in this way instead of sending it abroad, and what proportion of it would go to labour, there can be no need to elaborate the policy further. The cost per animal decreases in proportion as the herd enlarges. Keeping more cows only means that the men are more fully occupied. The results that might be expected from a general increase in the milking herds and the establishment of creameries for making cheese and butter are far-reaching. In the first place, dairy products can be more cheaply produced in a factory than by hand. The idea of every woman working her own churn is as retrogressive as it would be for weavers to go back to hand-spinning. Supposing that there were fifty dairy farms with holdings more or less adjacent to one another and a central dairy, cheese and butter could be made at a fraction of their present cost by a free use of machinery. What the Danish farmer values most, however, is that the factory leaves him with the skimmed milk, to be employed in feeding stock and especially pigs. In skimmed milk is to be found the reason for that greater cheapness of pig products which is attained in Denmark, a cheapness without which there would be a great deal less exportation. Until the British farmer can compete in price with any of his overseas competitors, he is doomed to have a hard struggle. Now is the time

to go in for creameries, chiefly because of the enormous increase in the business of pig-farming. The skimmed milk which the butter and cheese factories would leave behind would enormously cheapen the fattening of pigs.

THE POULTRY RUN.

In the middle of a large field the most conspicuous object is one of the largest scratching sheds which could easily be found. The flock consists of about six hundred laying hens, but the accommodation is sufficient for a much larger number and, no doubt, this will be soon increased. It is a new department, but whereas only ten eggs a day were received at the beginning, at the end of January the total had mounted to about two hundred and seventy eggs a day and, of course, this number will increase with the advent of spring weather. The chickens have a fine range and looked as healthy a lot as could be desired; they are of the White Wyandotte breed. The daily income from milk, pigs and eggs does away with the gambling element in farming. A crop may be good or it may not be good, but in the total crops it is found that the average remains practically the same, so that the income is steady and assured.

COMMISSIONS FOR EMPLOYEES.

It used to be an axiom in the House of Commons that something was necessary to keep the worker on the land buoyant and hopeful. That was at the time when much agitation was going on about allotments, and the effect described was considered to be producible by giving the labourer a piece of land to cultivate for his own benefit. It

was a good practice, at any rate; and some of the oldest farming families in Great Britain had for progenitor a man who learnt farming on his allotment. In place of that, at Cornbury there is a system by which each labourer receives a commission as an acknowledgment of his success. Some of these are as follows:

6d. to the pigman for every fat pig sent to the factory.

6d. to the pigman for every pig weaned.

6d. to the pigman for every gilt brought to the breeding point.

½d. to the milker for every gallon produced in the cowhouse (£75 a year).

1½d. a sack on the corn harvest.

So much per acre for the horse-ploughman and the tractor-man.

It is found in practice that the good will of the labourers must be won if the farm has to be run satisfactorily, and the commissions paid go very far towards producing this excellent feeling. The farm in four years has more than doubled the number of names on the wages book.

PIG RATIONS.

It will, perhaps, interest our pig-keeping readers to know the composition of the feeding stuff employed. It is as follows:

Sows.—53 per cent. barley meal, 10 per cent. bran, 16 per cent. sharps, 16 per cent. dried grains, 5 per cent. fish meal.

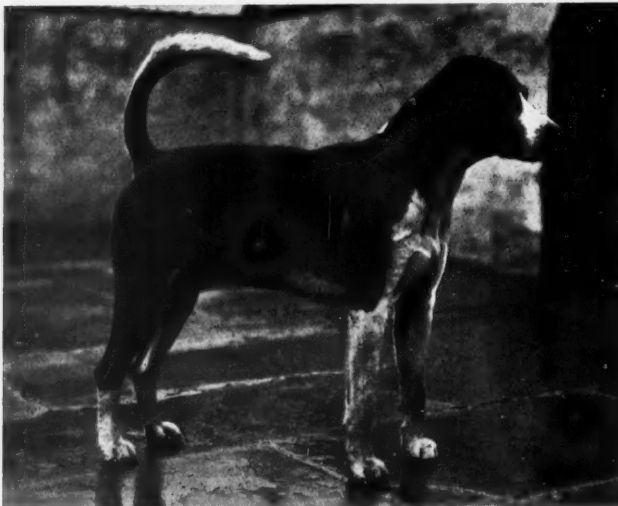
Fattening Pigs.—72 per cent. barley meal, 10 per cent. bran, 6½ per cent. sharps, 6½ per cent. dried grains, 5 per cent. fish meal.

Young Stock.—64 per cent. barley meal, 10½ per cent. bran, 7½ per cent. sharps, 7½ per cent. dried grains, 10½ per cent. fish meal.

THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS

THE Pytchley, like so many of their neighbours in the Shires, have suffered badly from the foot-and-mouth disease ban, and though they were not stopped as early as the Quorn—who have been held up since before Christmas—are also doubtful about hunting any more this season, even the point-to-point meeting having to be abandoned. They have fared worse than either the Cottesmore or the Belvoir,

who have managed to carry on with only occasional interruptions. The Cottesmore have had the best luck of all the Midland packs, for, excepting when held up by a period of sharp frost, they have usually managed to hunt in the parts of their country outside the Melton region of Leicestershire. In any case, so far as the Midlands are concerned, it has been the most disastrous season on record, and hounds have been compelled to eat the



SPINNER.



SPANKER.



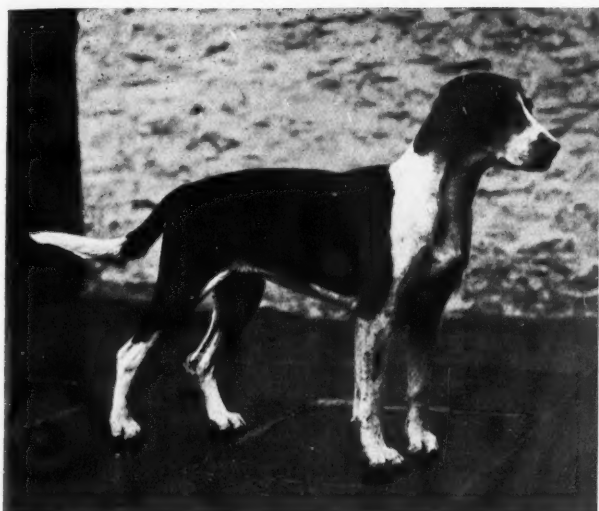
W. A. Rouch.

PEMBROKE.



HONEST.

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HOPEFUL.



PEGGY.



STREAKY.



STARRY.

bread—or meal—of idleness, while horses have grown daily more full of that bottled energy which, at times, proves so disastrous to those who ride them. Melton, Harborough and Northampton, to say nothing of other centres, have been recently more like unto the desert wastes of the Sahara, for, with hunting possibilities cut down by more than one-half and a ban on any horses hailing from Melton being hunted in regions free from the scourge, a very large percentage of the winter floating population has betaken itself to pastures new—in a great many cases to the snow fields of Mürren or the summery shores of the Mediterranean. The widespread stoppage has not only deprived many people of their chief winter pleasures, but has hit the very large section of the population whose occupations have to do with hunting extremely hard. One refers naturally to the hunting dealers, corn and fodder merchants, and those who have hunting boxes to let and usually can count upon making their summer keep out of the "let" during the hunting season. It is not necessary, therefore, to point out that it has not been as easy to see hounds' performances in the field as it is under normal conditions, and the same thing applies where hunt horses are concerned. In previous articles of this series in COUNTRY LIFE, on the Belvoir Cottesmore and Quorn, one was fortunate enough to strike periods when all was going merrily as a

marriage bell and the outlook seemed of the best. Then the scourge descended upon us, and, so far as the Quorn and Pytchley, in particular, are concerned, hunting has been practically a dead-letter since, in the former's case, slightly before Christmas. The disabilities under which a hunting Autolycus labours may, one hopes, be appreciated. Seeing hounds on the flags and horses in the hunt stable yard is a pastime enjoyable, so far as it goes, but in the writer's opinion there is only one real setting—in the field

when the right kind of fox is in front of hounds and the right kind of fence in front of horses and the highly expert "coachmen" who bestride them. It is the only test for loose screws; not that one is likely to find many in any of the four establishments with which I have had the honour of dealing in this series of articles. Like the author of the greatest of all hunting classics, I am a firm believer that there is only one position from which to see a pack of hounds, that of the hovering eagle!

Mr. Jorrock, it will be recalled, said that he wished he could always see which hounds had the scent and which had not, and which were running frantic for blood!

If one delved more deeply than is customary when trying to establish the origin and beginnings of famous packs of hounds,



W. A. Rouch.

HOMER.

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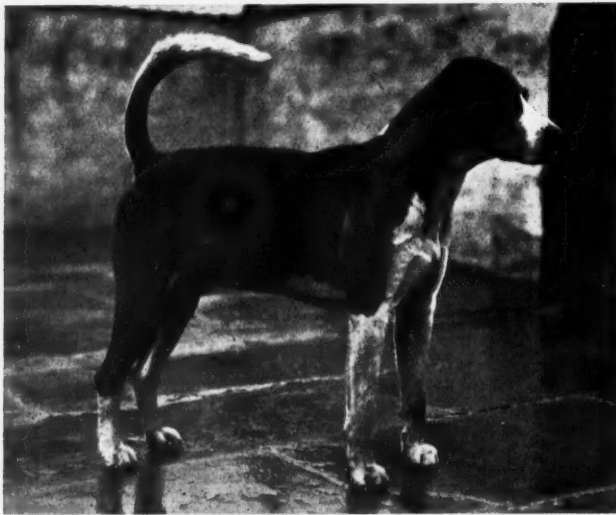
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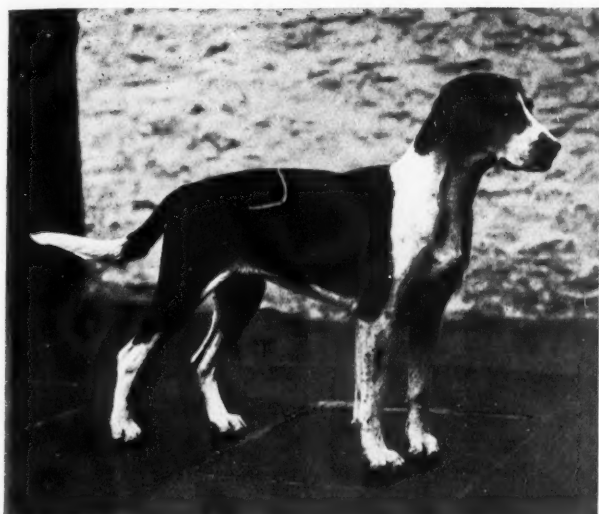
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STREAKY.



STARRY.

bread—or meal—of idleness, while horses have grown daily more full of that bottled energy which, at times, proves so disastrous to those who ride them. Melton, Harborough and Northampton, to say nothing of other centres, have been recently more like unto the desert wastes of the Sahara, for, with hunting possibilities cut down by more than one-half and a ban on any horses hailing from Melton being hunted in regions free from the scourge, a very large percentage of the winter floating population has betaken itself to pastures new—in a great many cases to the snow fields of Mürren or the summery shores of the Mediterranean. The widespread stoppage has not only deprived many people of their chief winter pleasures, but has hit the very large section of the population whose occupations have to do with hunting extremely hard. One refers naturally to the hunting dealers, corn and fodder merchants, and those who have hunting boxes to let and usually can count upon making their summer keep out of the "let" during the hunting season. It is not necessary, therefore, to point out that it has not been as easy to see hounds' performances in the field as it is under normal conditions, and the same thing applies where hunt horses are concerned. In previous articles of this series in COUNTRY LIFE, on the Belvoir, Cottesmore and Quorn, one was fortunate enough to strike periods when all was going merrily as a

marriage bell and the outlook seemed of the best. Then the scourge descended upon us, and, so far as the Quorn and Pytchley, in particular, are concerned, hunting has been practically a dead-letter since, in the former's case, slightly before Christmas. The disabilities under which a hunting Autolycus labours may, one hopes, be appreciated. Seeing hounds on the flags and horses in the hunt stable yard is a pastime enjoyable, so far as it goes, but in the writer's opinion there is only one real setting—in the field

when the right kind of fox is in front of hounds and the right kind of fence in front of horses and the highly expert "coachmen" who bestride them. It is the only test for loose screws; not that one is likely to find many in any of the four establishments with which I have had the honour of dealing in this series of articles. Like the author of the greatest of all hunting classics, I am a firm believer that there is only one position from which to see a pack of hounds, that of the hovering eagle!

Mr. Jorrocks, it will be recalled, said that he wished he could always see which hounds had the scent and which had not, and which were running frantic for blood!

If one delved more deeply than is customary when trying to establish the origin and beginnings of famous packs of hounds,



W. A. Rouch.

HOMER.

Copyright.



A GROUP OF BITCHES.

I suppose the Pytchley country as a hunting demesne would rank first of any in England, even before the Quorn, Cottesmore or Belvoir, whose countries have been connected with some form or other of venery for many hundreds of years. Where the Pytchley country is concerned, it is on record in the village from which the Hunt derives its name, that there existed in the times long before William the Norman descended upon our island a personage known as "Alwin the Huntsman." The exact date of "Alwin" I have not been able to fix, but it is established that he held some sort of a Royal warrant from the Saxon King of his time which entailed certain duties. He was, in fact, the official destroyer of the wild animals which frequented the forests of Northampton. Anyway, I think it may be accepted that Alwin was the first Pytchley huntsman, even though the fox is not included in the list of his official quarry. The hare, the stag, the wolf and the boar are, however, set down as the beasts of the field which it was his duty to slay in the interests of his (then) Majesty's lieges.

Something of the same kind, that is to say, something in the way of a Crown appointment was held in a much later period by Sir Euseby Isham, who built the Old Hall at Pytchley in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The lords of the manor in the days of the Stuarts held the Manor of Pytchley on the condition that they did "furnish dogs at their own cost to destroy the wolves, foxes, pole-cats and other vermin in the counties of Northampton, Rutland, Oxford, Essex and Buckingham." The Old Hall passed through the hands of many celebrities whose names are writ very large in the archives of the Pytchley Hunt—Isham, Lane, Washbourne, Knightley and, finally, the famous George Payne, Master of the Pytchley Hounds from 1835-38 and again from 1844-48, and who pulled the old manor house down in 1829.

It was, as is known, from the pack of foxhounds kept by Lord Arundel between 1670 and 1700, and which he hunted in Wiltshire and Hampshire, and the descendants of those hounds that Boothby and Hugo Meynell formed, in 1752, the predecessors of the present Quorn hounds; but if the antiquity of any hunting country is put to the vote, I think one must award the palm to the Pytchley because of this ancient sportsman Alwin to whom I have referred.

In that interesting book, the only one of its kind, I think, "The Pytchley Hunt Past and Present," the late Mr. H. O. Nethercote, who was for fifty years a member of the Pytchley Hunt, states that about 1750—this is before the time of Meynell but after Boothby, who started his pack in 1698—John George, Earl Spencer, the first of the four Masters furnished by this noble house, formed a club at the Old Hall in the little village of Pytchley and removed the hounds from Althorp to the kennels erected at that place. These hounds must have been drawn, as I think, from the same source as that from which Meynell drew the nucleus for the Quorn. What Boothby's original hounds were has never been clearly established.

In 1821 Mr. John Chaworth Masters moved with his own hounds out of Nottinghamshire to take the Mastership of the Pytchley, and it was about this time that the hounds were moved from Pytchley to the place where the present kennels are—Brixworth. The famous "Squire" Osbaldeston, who became Master in 1827, appears to have brought his own hounds with him and to have sold them in 1834 to Mr. Harvey Coombe

for £2,000, and, subsequently, the descendants of these hounds made—when sold in lots at Tattersalls in 1840—£6,440. In 1842 twenty couples of hounds appear to have been purchased by the Pytchley Hunt during Mr. "Tom" Smith's Mastership, from Lord Chesterfield's (the immediately preceding) pack, and I make out that it is from these hounds, whatever they were, that the present pack really originated. Sir Charles Lowther, one of the present Joint-Masters, has very kindly lent me his valuable aid in establishing and corroborating these interesting dates. In 1844 fifteen couples were purchased from the Quorn; between 1844 and 1848 drafts were purchased from Lord Henry Bentinck, and in 1848 a large draft from the Belvoir. For some years subsequent to that the Belvoir and Fitzwilliam blood were the principal strains used. In 1874 the Pytchley purchased a large draft from the Duhallow, and all these strains built up what is to-day the "Debrett" of the Pytchley. In later years among other blood with which the Pytchley have been outcrossed have been the Brocklesby, Belvoir, Heythrop, Zetland and Duke of Beaufort's.

With all due deference to "Nimrod" Apperley, who makes his hero "Raby" remark that the Pytchley were renowned for their extreme size, and were a bigger type than other hounds he had seen in other parts of the grass countries, in those days and in the present ones they have been, on the contrary, on the small side, and as out of the fifty-five to sixty couples usually in kennel only about fifteen couples are dog hounds, this may be understandable.

Osbaldeston's famous bitch pack lives in history, and I should not be surprised to be told that his predilection for the brilliant "ladies" set the fashion. From the earliest times to the present, however, whether the "ladies" have predominated or not, these hounds have been renowned throughout their history for their great hunting qualities and their tremendous speed. They also are reputed to be "racing fit" earlier in a season than many others, and for this I think one must bestow credit where credit is due, namely, to Frank Freeman, their huntsman, who, I understand, begins hound exercise with the prospective young entry early in May and, consequently, has them as fit as Grand National winners by October! The little gallery which has been selected for COUNTRY LIFE is, I think, very fairly representative and, though capable of elaboration, will, nevertheless, give anyone who is a stranger to this beautiful pack a very fair average idea of the quality of its component units. These pictures were selected almost haphazard from the dog and bitch packs and, as will be observed from the following catalogue, are by a variety of sires from a variety of packs.

The first two who engaged attention are Homer (1920) and Spanker (1921). These are both by Heythrop stud hounds, the former by Heythrop Steward out of Hornpipe, and the latter by Heythrop Spaniard out of Dalliance. Homer is a real good dog in his work and has himself sired some good puppies, some of which entered this season. Spanker, as his picture shows, is a real good-looking foxhound, standing on the best of legs and feet and with excellent neck and shoulders. Pembroke (1922), by the Duke of Beaufort's Whipcord out of Plenty by the Cottesmore Sergeant, is a picture a hound lover will also look upon with enthusiasm. He is next to impossible to fault, and the Master tells me that he is a rare good dog in his work.

Spinner (1922) is another of last season's entry, by the North Warwickshire Comet out of Sportive, and is a nice young dog with great bone and plenty of drive and tongue, which is a thing I am old-fashioned enough to look for quite as much as other qualities. The galloping Shire hound as a rule is not remarkable for "chattering" over much! Honest (1922) by Statesman (by Belvoir Rustic) out of Homeless (by Heythrop Stentor) is a bitch full of style and fashion. Hopeful and Peggy are also two of last season's entry, the former by Belvoir Carnival out of Honesty, the latter an own sister to Pembroke, who is referred to above, and she was the first prize bitch of her year. Streaky (1921) is by the Beaufort Captain out of Startle and, like the other Beaufort-bred ones, is, as will be admitted, full of style. Starry, the last in our picture gallery, is a small-sized bitch with grand neck and shoulders and excellent legs and feet. She is by Trickster out of Startle. It is always difficult to judge of the whole from a small sample, but I think that one may say

that Sir Charles Lowther and his brother, Major J. G. Lowther, have, among the sixty odd couples in kennel, hounds which may safely challenge comparison with the best that have ever been on the flags at historic Brixworth. One can best conclude this short and, I fear, quite incomplete review of a great establishment with the expression of the hope that before the printing ink is dry upon this page they will be hunting in their own country again and making a Northampton fox "cry capevi!" So much good time has been wasted and so much patient effort gone unrequited that one feels that it is up to the unkind goddess to make amends during the six to eight possible weeks of the season 1923-24 which remain to us.

The Pytchley have been in the Woodland Pytchley country by invitation since the stoppage, and were in their own for a short time, but since then the ban has again descended upon them, and it is now very doubtful whether they will hunt any more this season.

HARBOROUGH.

NEW GUINEA CANNIBALS AND OTHER PAPUANS.—II

BY A. C. HADDON, *University Reader in Ethnology, Cambridge.*

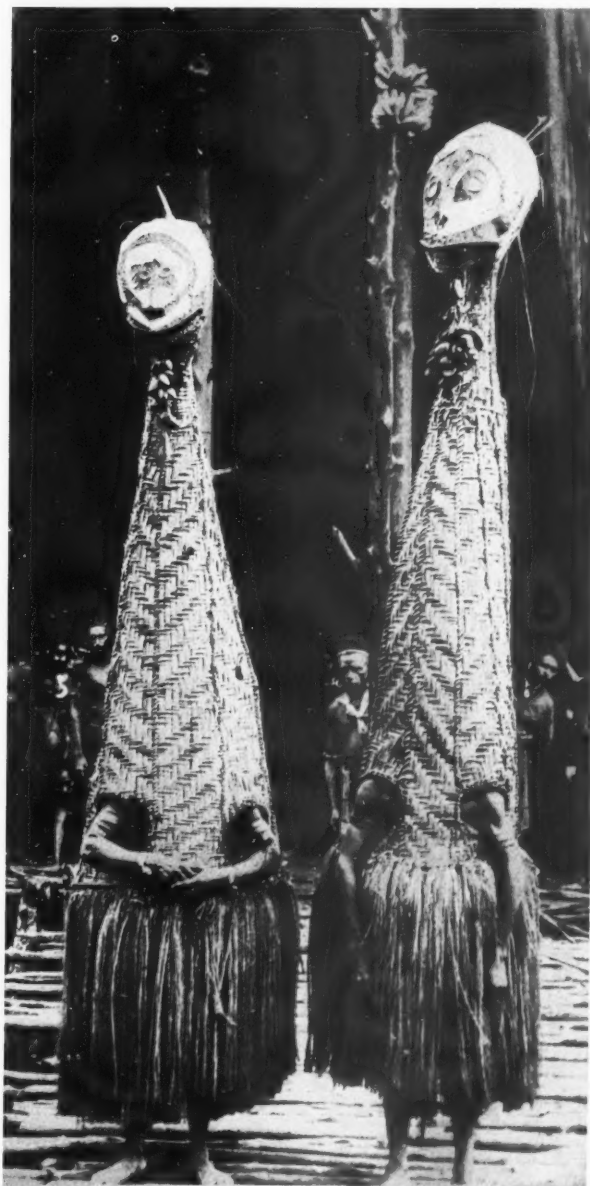
THE most interesting of the photographs taken on Captain Hurley's expedition were those obtained in the Delta division and Fly River area. East of Goaribari Island is the Urama district, and these photographs are the first that I have seen of the men's sacred houses, or *dubu daima*. These large houses evidently resemble those farther east, being much larger and more elaborate than those of Goaribari. There are houses for the women and children, but the men erect for themselves alone enormous structures with a high gable peak in front. Inside there is a central gangway, on each side of which are cubicles which probably belong to separate families; in each of these are a number of carved and painted boards with conventional, not to say grotesque, faces, and other ornamentation. There is no doubt that these are effigies of ancestors, and in front of these are generally to be found a number of wild pigs' skulls and sometimes human skulls. In these houses are kept masks for ceremonial occasions, and here are stored the bows, arrows and other fighting and hunting weapons, shields and, indeed, all the belongings of the men. These houses are variously described as club-houses, or temples. It is here that the initiated men spend all their spare time; they literally use them as club-houses, they feed and sleep there, talk gossip and discuss all the public business of the community, and women are not allowed to visit these hallowed institutions. Here also they make and decorate the masks and other emblems of their sacred rites, boys are initiated and other ceremonies take place. They constitute the real centre of social and religious life.

This brief description applies to Urama and the regions beyond to the eastern end of the Gulf of Papua, but there are differences in the three main subdivisions of this extended area. It has long been known that a distinctive feature of the Urama *dubu daima*, as it is termed, is the occurrence of pigeon-holes

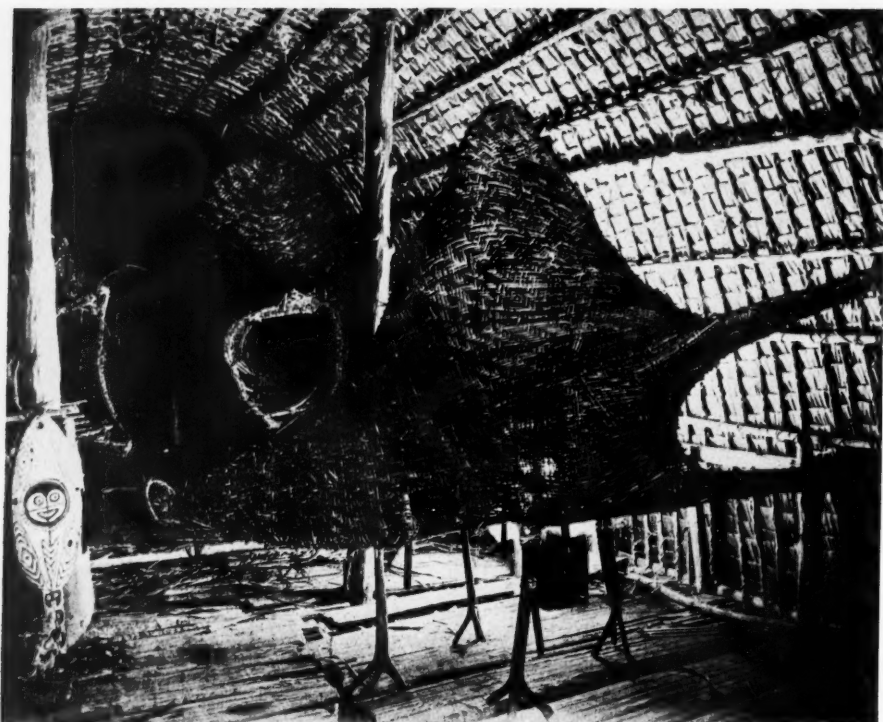
in which the skulls of killed and eaten enemies are placed. A large number of these skulls have designs engraved on the forehead, the significance of which is at present unknown; some skulls are reported to be adorned with clay noses and artificial eyes, and some are merely imitation skulls made of wood. "Enormous masks" have been recorded, and now, for the first time, we can learn about them. Some are of the

ordinary type that may be seen farther east, but apparently quite distinctive are the three conical masks, two of which are illustrated, which, according to Captain Hurley, are kept in the remote dark end of the structure. The mask proper represents a human face with a seed rattle hanging from the lower jaw, this surmounts a high conical basketwork structure the lower edge of which has two holes through which the arms of the wearer pass. Below is a "grass" fringe which comes down below the knees. Captain Hurley informs us that these represent "spirits," and when it is necessary to place a taboo on fruit trees in order to provide enough food for a subsequent ceremonial feast, men dressed in these masks dance around the trees, and thereafter, until the restriction is removed, none dares to eat the forbidden fruit. They also rush about the village terrifying the women and children. Three drums were seen hanging up in the *dubu daima*, and it is interesting to note that they were of the same type as those found to the west as far as the Fly River and quite different from those that are made farther east. Various other facts lead us to regard Urama as an overlap area.

In the Purari Delta are numerous large villages, which contain splendid men's houses, here called *ravi*. It is wonderfully impressive to pass down the vast dimly lighted interior of a mysterious *ravi* with suspended masks and shrines with ceremonial tablets and animal skulls on either hand; near the gloomy end one finds a screened-off holy of holies, and, peering over



GIGANTIC SACRED MASKS, URAMA.



BASKETWORK MONSTERS REPRESENTING ARAKO.
In the *Kau ravia* at Kaimare, Purari Delta.

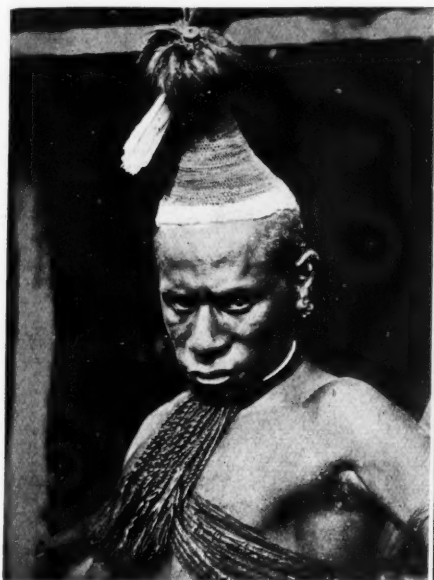


INTERIOR OF *DUBU DAIMA*.
Urama, Delta Division, Papua.

this, sees a number of basketwork effigies of monsters (*kevara*, or *kopiravi*, or *kai-ia-imuku*), with wide-gaping jaws and four wooden legs; these no woman is ever allowed to see. ("Man," xix, 1919, page 177). It is stated that before going out to kill anyone the men consult the invisible spirit of a *kevara*; it comes out of the *ravi* and causes the canoe to rock if the expedition is to be successful. I was informed that the bodies of the victims were thrust inside the images and left there all night while the men danced in the other end of the *ravi*. Next morning the bodies were cooked and eaten. I have seen at least two different kinds of *kevara*, and Captain Hurley has secured an excellent photograph of quite a different type from the great *Kau ravi* at Kaimare in the Purari Delta. The Rev. J. H. Holmes, in his recently published book "In Primitive New Guinea," has given us the first authoritative account of the Namau group of the Purari Delta, and he tells us that these effigies represent Arako, the spirit-source of *imunu*, the living principle or soul of all things.

The expedition visited some Gogodara who live by the Aramia affluent of the Bamu River immediately east of the Fly, about whom we have a certain amount of information (Journ. Roy. Anth. Inst., xli, 1916, page 334). Most of the men permanently wear a conical basketry cap which is inextricably entangled with their hair. The main part of the mourning costume consists of a netted cap, the size of which depends upon the nearness of the deceased to the survivor: a widow wears one which comes down to her waist. The people emphatically deny being cannibals, but admit head-hunting. Their initiation ceremony is of peculiar interest.

Lake Murray, which lies in the angle where the Strickland River joins the Fly, some 300 miles from the mouth of the latter river, was the farthest spot reached by the expedition. The little we know about the inhabitants of this district is to be found in recent annual reports of the Governor of Papua; but Captain Hurley appears to have come in contact with a village which had not previously been visited by white men; he calls the people Sambio. The most sensational objects made by the Lake Murray people are stuffed human heads. Less than a year ago I published all that was known about these gruesome objects ("Man," xxiii, 1923, page 33). Judging from the photographs taken by Captain Hurley, the expedition collected a number of specimens, but, so far as I can see, they do not present any new features. Heads of enemies are skinned, the skull is cleaned and, without the lower jaw, is returned to the skin, a seed or a stone having previously been placed in the cavity of the skull, so as to form a rattle when the heads are carried in dances. The skin is stuffed with clay and fibre, white clay is plastered into the eye cavities and the mouth. The heads are



GOGODARA MAN WITH CONICAL CAP.
Aramia River, Western Division.



GOGODARA WOMAN WEARING THE MOURNING CAP.
Aramia River.



MAN OF SAMBIO TRIBE.
Lake Murray.

generally streaked with coloured earths. Skulls are also decorated with cross-shaped bands ornamented with grey *coix* and scarlet *abrus* seeds, part of which encircles the middle of the skull and the other part extends along the length of the top of the skull and projects forwards to a considerable distance; the orbits contain beans, or are filled with white clay which is surrounded by seeds. What may be termed surrogate skulls are composed of small coconuts, which are carved and painted to look like heads; these are decorated much in the same way as the skulls and are attached to a long thick decorated handle.

Our last illustration but one is a portrait of a man with a remarkable beard consisting of two long strands of hair which

are always maintained stiff by the application of mud, a blob of which at the ends serves to keep them steady; he has the characteristic nose, with a large artificial hole in the wings; perforations of this kind are made by some other tribes as well. A rather unusual wooden weight distends the lobe of the ear. If a guess may be hazarded from the netted cap and the bands on the body, the man is in mourning.

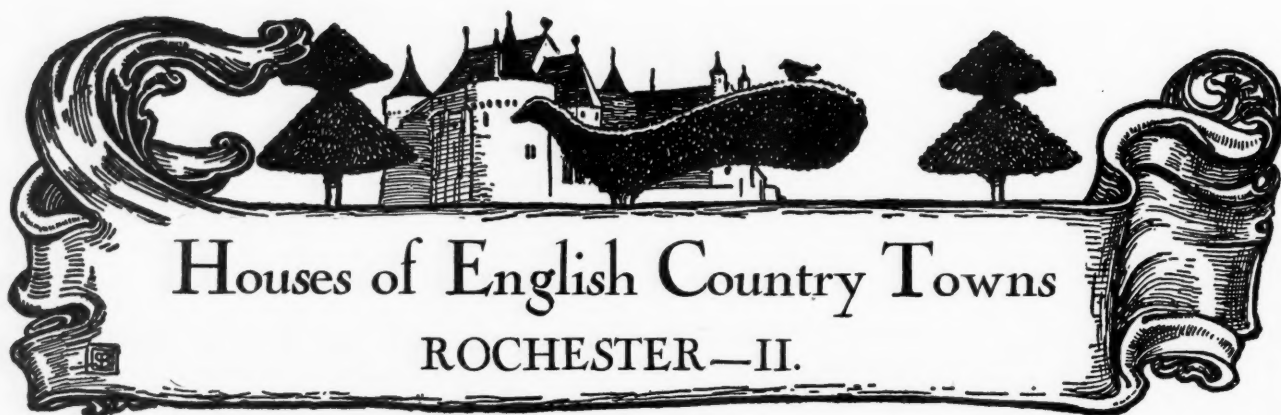
A thorough investigation of the Lake Murray folk would prove most interesting and valuable, as probably it would help to clear up certain problems in Papuan ethnology that are at present obscure.

(Dr. Haddon's first article appeared in our issue of March 1st.)



INTERIOR OF KAU RAVI AT KAIMARE, PURARI DELTA.

The Ravi is over five hundred feet in length and the apex of the gable reaches to a height of eighty feet.



CALLED back, after years of exile, to the throne of his ancestors, Charles II reached Rochester, on his way to London, on May 28th, 1660. "Mercurius Publicus" tells us that, with his brothers of York and Gloucester, he went to Colonel Gibbons' house and lodged there. Colonel Gibbons had been a Parliamentary soldier, and had received from the Commonwealth authorities grants of Royal and episcopal lands. No doubt he followed

Monk's lead in favouring the Restoration of the Stuarts after the deposition of Protector Richard. He was commanding a regiment and occupying a house at Rochester when the restored King made it a stopping-place, and he was probably zealous, in view of his former attitude, to curry favour with the new master, who went off at once to Chatham, but returned to supper, "showing himself very courteous and gracious" to his host, who presented an address from the officers and men of his

regiment. It is quite clear that the King lodged at the house that Gibbons occupied; but which house was it? The same as had housed his great-uncle of Denmark in 1606, or another? Mr. Rye, whose paper on Royal visits to Rochester appeared in the 1863 volume of the "Archæologia Cantiana," therein, as he afterwards put it, "hazarded an opinion" that it was at Eastgate House that Colonel Gibbons was residing, and that the fine Elizabethan dwelling in Crow Lane, now known as Restoration House, was "then the residence of Francis Clerke," whom, with others, the King knighted the next morning. But in 1877 Restoration House was purchased and inhabited by the late Mr. Aveling, whose antiquarian leanings led him to study the history not merely of Old Rochester in general, but of his own property in particular. He found a title-deed dating from soon after Clerke's death and describing the Crow Lane house as "lately in the possession of Sir Francis Clerke and in the occupation of Richard Gibbons." It would appear, therefore, that in 1660 it was rented by Gibbons of Clerke, the landlord, who, perhaps, was even then occupying his manor of Ulcombe, where he died in 1683.

The house consists of a main block running north and south, with wings projecting westward to form a hollow square (Fig. 2). The composition gives an agreeable sense of balance, but is by no means symmetrical. The long and narrow north wing projects from the facia of the loftier central block. The south wing, with its staircase annexe, is wider but shorter, and lies beyond the main block, against the south end of which it abuts. The whole suggests a building first erected and then added to and altered within the Late Tudor and Early Stuart Period. There are, moreover, later features, such as inserted sash windows. Writing half a dozen years after his purchase, Mr. Aveling says it is "supposed to have been built between the years 1580 and 1600," and adds:

It is built of red brick, and has an oak roof covered with red tiles. Most of the window frames and mullions are of oak, but some are of moulded brick. The porch and the walls on each side of the porch appear to have been cased, with a brighter red brick, some fifty years after the erection of the building. Some elaborate



Copyright. 1.—PORCH OF THE RESIDENCE LYING SOUTH OF RESTORATION HOUSE.

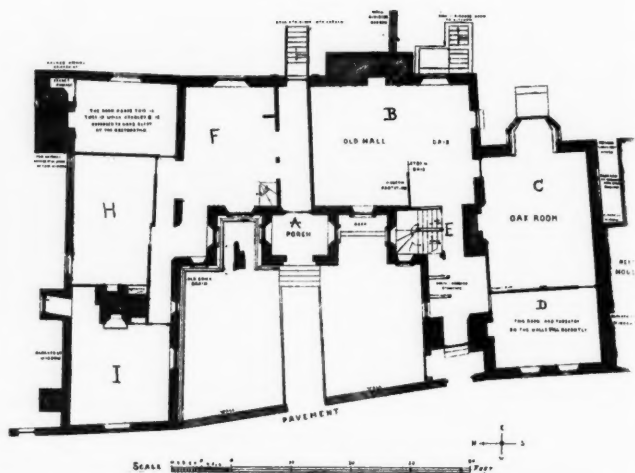
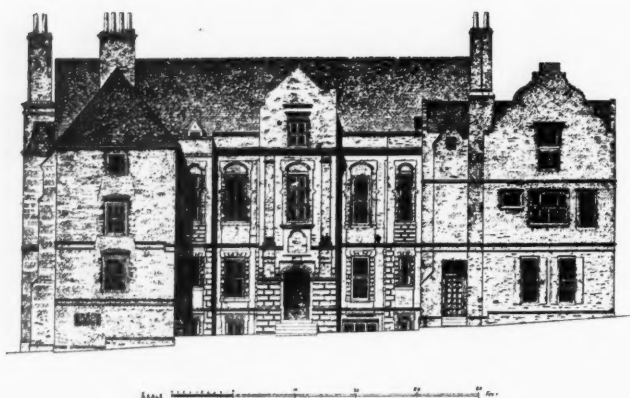
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2.—WEST ELEVATION OF RESTORATION HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—ELEVATION AND PLAN OF RESTORATION HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Explanation of Plan.—A, Porch leading to screens. B, Hall. C and D, Parlours. E, A staircase. F, Site of pantry and staircase, now two staircases. G and H, Probably, originally kitchen and offices. I, Probably, originally a "winter parlour."

string courses, mouldings, pilasters, and decoration in brickwork were then added.

Who the original builder was Mr. Aveling did not discover, but he found that one Nicholas Morgan of the Inner Temple conveyed the property in 1607 to Henry Clerke of the Middle Temple. It was probably the latter's ancestor who is described by Dugdale as—

the famous Sir John Clerke in Hen viii's time (as constant tradition still affirmeth), who having taken the Duke of Longville prisoner at the battle of Spurs, was for that signal service rewarded by the King with an honorary addition of his Armes.

Henry Clerke, serjeant-at-law and Recorder of Rochester, sat in the House of Commons for that city from 1621 to 1628, and that is about the period of the pilastering and string-coursing in redder brick noticed by Mr. Aveling. When he died and was succeeded by his son Francis does not appear. Both were probably Royalists, but it is the "estate of Francis Clarke of Rochester Esq" that the Sequestration Committee deal with, and, in 1648,

A composition was made for ye said Mr Clarke's Delinquency for ye said Comtee for 200l whch was paid accordingly.

The west or street elevation is some 90ft. long (Fig. 2), and, passing through the wrought-iron gate into the forecourt, we have a three-storeyed projecting porch in front of us. It occupies a dozen of the forty feet of the space between wings, the rest of which is occupied not only by windowed spaces on the main wall line but also by two projections. Thus, it presents a scheme favoured by Tudor designers for an elevation of much greater length. It first appears at Barrington Court, dating before the death of Henry VIII. In 1570 John Thorpe used it on a grand scale at Kirby, and in his plan for "Sir Jarvis Clifton's House" at Leighton Broms-wold (now demolished) we find the same arrangement adapted to a central block no less

than four times as long as that at Restoration House, where a somewhat crowded effect is produced by the compression of so broken and detailed a design into so narrow a space. The porch will have opened on to a "screens" passage running



4.—RESTORATION HOUSE: CHIMNEYPIECE OF THE LARGE PARLOUR IN THE SOUTH WING



5.—IN THE STUDY.

through to an east door, having a hall, lit on both sides, to the right, and to the left a modest staircase, a pantry and a way to the north wing, where there would be room for the then fashionable "winter parlour" as well as kitchens (plan, Fig. 3c). In the south wing, and reached from the dais end of the hall, was a large parlour, and beside it a smaller one and a second staircase. The large parlour retains its original wall linings of plain oak wainscoting topped by a frieze of strapwork panels and a dentilled cornice. The same character of strapwork is the leading *motif* of the decorative scheme of the chimneypiece (Fig. 4), but carved heads break the line of the shelf, and busts top both the upper and lower pilasters. The latter, moreover, supplement a little strapwork with weapons and musical instruments hanging from ribbons that pass through a ring. The shield in the centre of the stone fire-arch bears the arms of a



6.—IN THE GREAT CHAMBER, OR BALLROOM.

late eighteenth century owner, John Baynard, but the style of the chimneypiece suggests a date soon after Henry Clerke's acquisition of the property, and both this and another somewhat similar chimneypiece in an upstairs room will be among his surviving introductions. For the rest, we mostly find work of the closing period of the seventeenth century—such as the great staircase (Fig. 7), occupying much of the space to the left of the "screens" passage—or of early eighteenth century date, such as the chimneypieces in the study (Fig. 5) and in the "great chamber" or ballroom above the hall (Fig. 6). Supplementing such introductions that correctly document periodic changes of taste, we also find, interpolated, various fragments and features taken from other old houses and inserted here by Mr. Aveling. This applies to the larger or northern part of the house, which formed his dwelling, the southern portion having been arranged



7—THE GREAT AND LESSER STAIRCASES.



8.—BEHIND MR. ASH'S SHOP IN HIGH STREET.



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9.—CANONS ROW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

as a separate house in the eighteenth century and having so remained ever since. But the whole building has always been in one ownership.

Soon after the death of a second Francis Clerke, in 1691, that family was succeeded by Bokenhams; and then, through their relation Henry May, it came, under George II, to the Knights of Godmersham Park, who sold it in 1759 to John Baynard. His father had been tenant as early as 1719, and his mother was still living as a widow in the larger half, the subdivision having recently taken place. Thrice again did the property pass by purchase before Mr. Aveling bought it and

sought to retain the character and spirit of this fine old house in his work of necessary repair, and less necessary beautification.

The period that followed the Restoration of 1660, although it saw merely a little interior change at Restoration House, was a busy building time at Rochester. When Cosmo III of Tuscany passed through it in 1669 his secretary notes that—

The buildings of the town are for the most part constructed after the English fashion low and narrow with pointed roofs, the windows projecting outward.

But he speaks of much development by the erection of new houses. Some of these, no doubt, were still in the old style,



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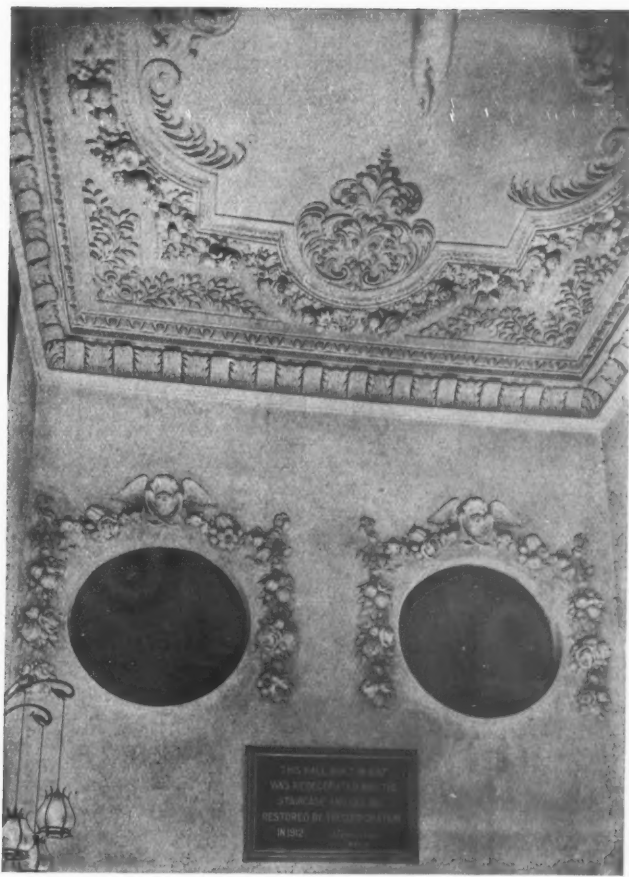
10.—THE GARDEN SIDE OF CANONS ROW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



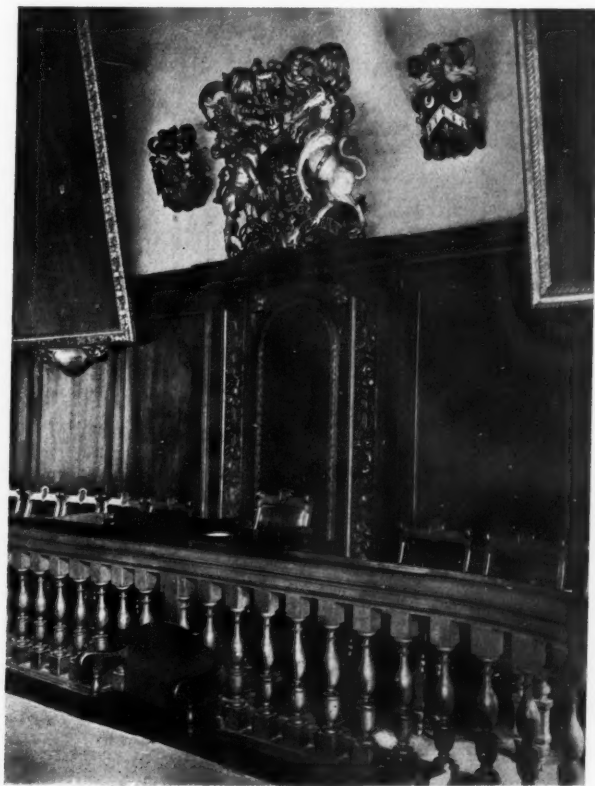
11.—THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN HALL, DATED 1687.

like the charming bit against the deanery garden wall and reached through Mr. Ash's bookshop in High Street. It has an early Charles II window above and one of Queen Anne type inserted below (Fig. 8). Later on the pointed roofs and vertical effect were often superseded by such insistently horizontal lines as we find in "Canons Row," where the north, or front door, side (Fig. 9), looking out on to the cathedral precincts, shows no roof, and depends for its appearance of homely dignity upon the well spaced and proportioned alignment of its rows of twenty-one windows and the projecting hoods of its doorways.



12.—PLASTERWORK OF THE STAIRCASE CEILING AND WINDOWS.

Here, for the most part, are sashes, although some of the original casements remain. The latter were as usual under Charles II, as were sashes under Anne and her successor. And this raises the question of whether the date 1724 assigned to Canons Row applies to its first building or to its alteration. The casements survive in much greater number on the garden side (Fig. 10), where the roof treatment of low repeated hips is visible. Over them rises the cathedral spire, and to the left is the old Prior's Gate, marking the line of the 1344 wall to the cathedral precincts, which had not previously extended so far.



13.—WOODWORK IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.



14.—THE STAIRCASE RISING TO THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.



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15.—47, HIGH STREET.

"C.L."



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16.—THE CLOCK HOUSE.

"C.L."

Hereabouts are several late seventeenth century doorways with projecting hoods, such as one (Fig. 1) with carved consoles and baskets of flowers within a shell, that belongs to the house that abuts on to the south end of Restoration House. The latter is called by Pepys "a pretty seat." Adjoining its garden was an orchard, let to a certain Roger Pilcher, and Pepys tells us how he strolled into this—

cherry garden and here met with a young, plain, silly shopkeeper and his wife, a pretty young woman and I did Kiss her.

This little adventure—if so usual a practice with the diarist deserves that name—took place in 1667. Six years earlier he had, with Sir William Batten, gone on Navy business to Chatham, and at Rochester they alighted "at Mr. Alcocks and there drank and had good sport with his bringing out so many sorts of cheese." The neighbouring dockyard added much to the prosperity and official importance of Rochester under the later Stuarts, and not only were Church dignitaries and leading citizens rehousing themselves, but also public buildings arose. They are connected with the names of two distinguished public men who sat for the city in Parliament. Joseph Williamson was the son of a poor Cumberland vicar, and, attracting the



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17.—SHIP VANE ON THE TOWN HALL.

"C.L."

attention of a man of wealth, was enabled to go to Westminster School and Queen's College, Oxford, where, in 1657 and at the age of twenty-four, he became a Fellow. Although a successful tutor, politics attracted him, and he found a job in a Secretary of State's office at the Restoration of 1660. Soon he became the favoured subordinate of the Lord Arlington of the "Cabal" Ministry, and succeeded him as Secretary of State in 1674. A businesslike but entirely uninspired administrator, he was very successful with his Sovereign's and his own affairs. He amassed much wealth, married a widow of high lineage, and acquired her ancestral but encumbered estate. Cobham Hall, of which the wide lands stretched to the edge of Rochester, was, at the beginning of Charles II's reign, the property of the convivial and extravagant Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. On his death, in 1672, his barony of Clifton and much of his property passed to his sister Catherine, wife of Lord O'Brien, heir to the Thomond earldom. They two were great friends of Williamson, who aided in the settlement of the lady's very involved pecuniary affairs, and, after O'Brien's death in 1678, married her and met all claims on the Cobham estates by a payment of £45,000. That gave him a direct interest in Rochester, and

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in 1689 he ceased to sit for Thetford and became Rochester's representative, with the younger Francis Clerke as his colleague. As an Oxford tutor in his young days and as President of the Royal Society in his maturity, Williamson was interested in education, and especially in scientific study, which was then very largely mathematical. He saw to the education of the sons of Rochester's freemen during his lifetime, and at his death in 1701 he left, among other benefactions, a sum of £5,000 for the founding of a school for the education of Rochester freemen's sons in "the Mathematics and all other things which may fitt and Encourage them for the sea service." Unfortunately, the Mathematical School, which was thereupon erected near Eastgate, has been replaced by a new building—commendable, perhaps, for its accommodation, but not otherwise. Williamson's portrait hangs in the town hall, but to what extent he provided funds for the erection of that building, which was begun in 1687, does not appear. It is more certainly connected with his colleague in the city representation after the death of the younger Clerke in 1691. Clowdisley Shovell was born of a good Norfolk family in 1650, joined the Navy at the age of fourteen, and was captain of the *Saphire* when he was twenty-seven. Cruising against the Barbary pirates was for long his principal job. Under William III he became an admiral and Comptroller of the Victualling Yard in 1690. This brought him into close touch with Rochester, whose representative he soon after became, and signalled his interest in its municipal affairs by providing, in 1695, funds for the fitting-up of the council chamber of the town hall, where the elaborate plaster ceiling in the Wren manner has panels of trophies of war and of fruit and flowers, with the Shovell and the city arms in the centre. The town hall has new wings, but the charming centre block with arches below and curved pediment above (Fig. 11) is original, as is the cupola with a ship as a weather vane that rises from the roof (Fig. 17). Stepping in, we find, behind the entrance hall, an ample and well designed stair in the Charles II manner (Fig. 14). The woodwork of balustrade, wainscoting and doorways depends for effect upon fine proportions, bold mouldings and turned balusters, enriched detail being reserved to the plasterwork of the ceiling and of the circular window openings that are dressed with pleasant swags of fruit and flower, starting from a winged boy's head and hitched up with ribbons (Fig. 12). The staircase leads to the council chamber which has the ceiling of like character, already mentioned, and wainscoting and balustrade resembling that which we have just noted on the staircase. Behind the mayor's chair the wainscoting is enriched, and above it is a very fine carving of the Royal arms (Fig. 13). The new town hall superseded the old guildhall, lying a little eastward, and on its site Sir Clowdisley "at his sole charge" erected, in 1707, a corn exchange, known as the Clock House (Fig. 16). The

shapely cupola rising from the roof is only a little inferior to that of the town hall (Fig. 17). From the centre of the front—its cantilever gaining extra support from a carved bracket—projects a huge clock face, also presented by the admiral, but having a new dial, with minute hand, provided in 1771. It forms a feature in the Rochester High Street much like that at Guildford, except that the latter is in better scale with the building it juts out from. The year of the erection of the Clock House is also the year of its donor's death—a tragedy boys read of and remember. Returning home with his fleet, he met a storm at the entrance of the Channel and his ship was wrecked off Scilly. Tradition has it that there were signs of life in the admiral's body when washed ashore. But the ring on his finger was of much more interest than his continued existence to the woman who found him. She extinguished the latter and possessed herself of the former, which, on her death-bed, she handed to the parson of the parish and confessed what she had done.

Rochester possesses good Late Georgian as well as good Late Stuart buildings. The best house of the period dominated by Robert Adam is No. 47, High Street (Fig. 15). The proportions give it a reserved dignity, but it has three pronounced features—the balustrade-surmounted top cornice, the three charming little iron-railed balconies of the first-floor windows, and, above them, the quite unusual *motif* of an outstanding ribbon held up between the windows by rosettes from which depend wreathed swags of bay leaves. A plainer but well designed long, low house, with central porch and projecting wings, but of late eighteenth century character, lies on the way to Chatham and near the station; and others, on the south side of Star Hill, are well proportioned and have beautiful fanlights over their doors. One, also, has a porch up to which sweep two semicircular flights of steps with delicate iron balustrading. Again, on the north line of the town, edging the former marsh, we find one of the weather-boarded houses so common at both Rochester and Chatham, but possessing a distinct architectural touch that enables us again to trace the influence of Robert Adam.

The personality that attracts Rochesterians to-day is not Gundulph or Fisher, not Williamson or Shovell, but Charles Dickens. He lived much near them at Gadshill, and he made full use of Rochester inns and houses, of Rochester incidents and characters in his novels. But the *Dickensiana* of Rochester is a wide field of interest and research into which we must not now stray, for enough has already been said to show that the cathedral city by the Medway ranks high among our towns in architectural interest, and that within its narrow bounds we can learn much of the successive phases of the planning and designing of many generations of townsmen for their private dwellings and civic buildings.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

EARLY CIVILISATION

AN irresistible desire seizes one to try to imagine the world of the past with which Mr. W. J. Perry deals in his new book, *The Growth of Civilisation* (Methuen, 6s. net). Mr. H. G. Wells and other writers have given more or less conjectural descriptions of the monstrous animals that held dominion on the earth before the coming of Man, and, incidentally, mention has been made of the animal that was going to become Man's progenitor. One of the most vivid visions of him is to be found in the work of a German scientist, who imagined the quadruped as he was at the beginning, moving about among the shrubby trees that preceded the forest trees, standing on his hind legs to pull the nuts growing beyond the reach of those who preferred to remain quadrupeds. Few, indeed, have been the attempts to envision Man in the act, as it were, of becoming civilised. Over his earliest history the lapse of time and the inevitable absence of records have caused a dark mantle to be cast with scarcely a rent in it to show what was actually taking place. Mr. W. J. Perry made a great step towards an understanding of this early stage in human history when he worked out in detail the spread of civilisation from the Nile Delta. The present book is an enlarged statement of the author's conviction, supported by many facts and inferences. The story he unfolds is singularly plausible and persuasive. He spends no time in speculating about the origins of life. Eons of time must have fled away before Man became differentiated from other animals by his first efforts towards civilisation. Generations of him must have lived for long as other animals did, hunting and being hunted, devouring and being devoured, before it dawned on him that he could make his dinner sure by growing the vegetables and

breeding the animals to keep his pot boiling. The change marks the border line between civilised and uncivilised. So far Mr. Perry follows a trodden path; others before him have held that "the home of ancient civilisation is in the East and particularly in Egypt." Nilus, his stream, is the agent which brought a first glimmering of light to the Man beast. At first, the nascent *homo* did exactly as the other wild creatures did. To them the bed and mouth of a river were hunting grounds for food which the water brought down to the sea. The multitude of birds and the less conspicuous groups of animals seeking for flotsam and jetsam at the river mouth and on the muddy flats of a delta as seen to-day must be practically the same as assembled on the banks of the river course in primeval time. The distinction of Man was when he began to notice that the great river Nile swelled and shrank at intervals which he had not yet learnt to measure. The floods spread over land not usually under water. When the stream shrank again to its ordinary size the soil had been fertilised. Seedlings appeared and grew quickly into full grown plants. They were good to eat, especially one, a wild wheat, probably the progenitor of all our wheat. If water produced this effect, why not irrigate to provide more food? The question answered affirmatively was a first stirring of intelligence. It led him to construct basins, pools and streams of water for the purpose of facilitating vegetable growth, and agriculture was started and civilisation began.

From this small start grew all the learning of the Egyptians and all the skill manifested in their ancient monuments. It will, however, be kept in mind that, though we talk lightly about these stages in progress, they covered an incalculable period of time. Man's advance has always been slow, and those

changes that mark a step forward widely separated. Even if it were possible, we could not here deal with all the incidents in human development; but there is one feature of it that has to be kept clearly in view because of its influence on the spread of civilisation. It seems passing strange, though there are superstition and magic to account for it, that comparatively early in the history of Man gold came to be highly valued. The fact in itself shows that faculties were developing of which no previous sign had been given; gold has no value to creatures who have no civilisation. It cannot be eaten, nor could it be utilised to make fighting weapons. It must appeal to the half-developed mind absolutely by dint of its colour. Gold is the most beautiful of metals, and when civilisation had advanced considerably gold was held in high estimation, as can be inferred from the magnificent gold ornaments to be found in ruins and tombs. We have recently had many examples of this fact. The mere quantity of gold found in the tomb of Tutankhamen would be considered extraordinary even in our age, and it has been nearly equalled on the sites of other civilisations—Minoan, Assyrian and Etruscan. We gather how much it was valued in old time from the words of the Psalmist: "More to be desired are they than gold; yea, much fine gold." The important aspect of it in regard to civilisation is that the lust of gold sent early Man travelling over land and sea, over the wearisome, dusty desert and over oceans that must have been a mystery and a terror to him. Our author makes a great point of this and shows that these adventurers avoided those parts of the world, such as Kamchatka, where people lived by keeping reindeer, and there were no gold mines to attract those who sought for gold. No doubt, what inspired them was love of riches. We can see that the demand for gold must have been enormous, considering the number and weight of the objects manufactured from it, and the payment for those who worked it would be on a scale commensurate with their skill, which is the astonishment of modern experts. The great mining settlements of peoples from Arabia, says our author, are "eloquent witnesses to the skill of the men of old."

With the advance in other directions there must have been a great development of shipbuilding in Egypt. About 3,300 B.C. the Egyptians were sending out expeditions to other countries for various substances that they desired. That arouses a certain doubt about the conclusions at which our author has arrived. He bases his arguments largely on the fact that in whatever part of the world remains of early civilisation are found, they almost invariably point to Egyptian influence. Early Man, for instance, having learnt that agriculture in Egypt practically meant irrigation, thought that irrigation was a necessity of cultivation everywhere. Consequently, the remains of old irrigation are being found in the most unexpected places. Now, we know that progress is slow on the part of those who work on the land, but it could not be quite so slow as all that. We have to remember that ages had passed since the beginning of the first feeble efforts towards civilisation and that in them a high proficiency of art had been acquired; the Egyptians knew a great deal of mineralogy, they could construct ships capable of carrying hundreds of men and large cargoes of food, plants and seeds, for use in other countries. It seems unnatural to believe that men who were so much advanced in these directions should still be so backward in agriculture.

Much more convincing is Mr. Perry's theory as to the rise and fall of civilisations. It is that, on the border of the civilised settlement there must have sprung up a new force consisting mostly of fighting men, lower in culture than the others, but exceeding them in vigour. Usually, the leader would begin by beating some of the little groups with which he quarrelled, and if he were a man of genius like Attila, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, he ultimately founded a great military empire. So far it is all plain sailing; but even here a difficulty arises. Those fighting hordes were out for loot. They did not try to conquer country that was merely pastoral, presumably because there was nothing to carry away. They attacked regions where gold had been found and riches accumulated. One wonders how it was that in these circumstances the ancient rich communities were not altogether spoiled of their wealth. Gold, precious stones, rare pottery and thousands of articles that at any time must have been of incalculable value were left in tombs, ruined cities and various other sites, and appear to have lain undisturbed in some cases for thousands of years. As these great leaders had gone out simply for the purpose of collecting spoil, it is difficult to understand how this wealth was preserved. One raises an objection such as this with diffidence, because men like Mr. Perry labour under excessive difficulties. A cloak, as of universal night, has been drawn over civilisations of the past, each of which must have had its personal history, and it is very possible that had there been among the conquerors one with a gift for history he would have explained everything with simple clearness.

The chapter with which we are least in agreement with Mr. Perry is that devoted to "The Origin and Development of War." He is constantly drawing parallels between humanity and the wild animals of which originally Man was one, but there never was peace in the wild. Examples of ambition are to be found in the master bull of the wild cattle, the master boar of the wild swine, in the king to which the herd, be it what it may, yielded obedience, the obedience being founded on the discovery that mastership has been gained and held by hard fighting. Nor is this altogether a matter of individuals, or there would not be battles royal between the heronry and the rookery, to name a familiar example. As long as the individual is governed by ambition, hate, fear or cupidity, it is difficult to see how quarrelling will be avoided among individuals; and individuals multiplied by the thousand will only repeat in companies what they have done as units.

"SAKI."

The Square Egg, by "Saki" (H. H. Munro). (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

NATURE seldom applies herself to describing on the human countenance the sharp outlines of character. She is content with a vague and amorphous brushwork, indications of heredity, as the lifted eyebrow and the drooping mouth. But occasionally she secures a portrait of undeniable vigour and single-mindedness. The parental and more remote ancestral stars have flashed a clear message and the features of the child betray no hesitation or fumbling. It is impossible to look at the portrait of H. H. Munro, the brilliant "Saki" of the *Morning Post* and *Westminster Gazette* without being impressed by the purpose and decision of every lineament. It is reflective, audacious, unbending, and in a certain sense unsympathetic. He saw everything too clearly, he had not the poet's imagination that softens man's crudity and cloaks the occasional mistakes of Nature. His sister has published a miscellaneous collection of his work with an entertaining assortment of letters that fill out a rather scanty memoir. The amusing sketches that accompany them reveal the satirical texture of the writer's mind as surely as his writing. By a few strokes of his pencil he shows the humour of a situation or the furious resentment of his tiger kitten, as in the compass of a sentence he reveals the jutting vanities of one of his characters. The war, that ended for him near Beaumont Hamel in 1916, left undamaged his vivid satire, as these latest stories witness. In almost the last story he wrote, in the mud and misery of the trenches, he describes a character in the serene far-away complacencies of a rectory garden: "She would have liked to be the centre of a literary, slightly political salon, where discerning satellites might have recognised the breadth of her outlook on human affairs and the undoubted smallness of her feet." There, is "Saki's" inimitable method displayed and it is not unfair to Max Beerbohm to compare the art of the writer with the precise ridiculousness of the effects achieved by our most amusing caricaturist. In saying this it is not to imply that "Saki's" irony is caricature. He gets too near life. It is a pity to find his sister suggesting that such and such a character is, or was, alive. His friend, Mr. Rothay Reynolds, in the short memoir he prefaced to "The Toys of Peace," mentions one rare instance of autobiography in Munro's writing. He loved his art and it is not surprising to learn he held his pen as an artist might. This we think is most illuminating. The suspicion vanishes that he, like G. B. S., takes the weaknesses of living statesman and notorious ladies to inform his puppets. In Munro's genius there was more than a suggestion of malice, there is often cruelty. The heredity which gave him the clean-cut distinction of mind and face gave him also the aunts who brought up the motherless boy and his brother and sister. They never quarrelled because they saw daily before them the unlovely bickering and furious tempers of their aunts. Aunt Augusta kept a splendid retriever chained up for years in an out-house eating its heart out. She also dealt out malignant punishments to the children. The other, Aunt Tom, was a colossal humbug, unscrupulous and insensitive. These were the women who ordered the lives of three rather delicate children. Undoubtedly, such an environment left an influence and brought out a strain of cruelty. On the other hand satirists are born, not invented by circumstances. They are not usually tender, although Thackeray has been given that virtue by common consent, but they display a cynical tolerance of the antics of the players in the comedy. The polished wit, the bubbling gaiety, the high spirits of "Saki's" writing were not unworthily reinforced by the pleasure of the artist in skilfully representing silliness and stupidity. He had no reverence for tradition, although a ruthless conservative; though he loved with a curious passion animals, particularly wild animals, he did not love the human young, and yet he understood well the workings of the child mind. Yet he loved youth, the youth that is always in the world. There was no inconsistency, only that imagination does not always want to make a companion of reality. One feels this conclusion not perfectly final, but man's heart and the mystery of the human mind does not permit logical conclusions. When 1914 brought its test to the soundness of England, the summons found Munro ready. He was over forty, not robust, and softened by a successful literary life, the desired of dinner parties, the frequenter of clubs. He joined up in the ranks, refused several chances to become an officer, feeling he had no right to command where he had never obeyed. The inherent resoluteness and grit of his character, obscured formerly by an easy life, rose to meet the new demand on it. Having hated pretence and false standards he did not find himself entitled, as many did, to take authority for which he was untrained. He was always honest with himself. His patriotism had no doubts; he held it his duty to kill as many Germans as possible, and he bore cheerfully the mud and misery of the trenches in the long winter of 1916. As a corporal from among the shattered and ghastly trees of Delville Wood he rallied his men with matchless bravery. One dark November morning, dark indeed always in memory for the friends who loved and admired him, his brilliant spirit was extinguished.

From a Balcony on the Bosphorus, by A. Louise McIlroy. (COUNTRY LIFE, 5s.)

A FOOLISH riddle of nursery days first gave Constantinople a place in the writer's imaginings of the world and its cities. Later it became

a setting for romance: the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, Stamboul were words not only beautiful, but words to conjure with, and helpless Turkish ladies tied in sacks and thrown to drown shared the scene with Sancta Sophia itself and Florence Nightingale. And now the war has come and gone and Constantinople has become a fact rather than a dream to hundreds of men and women who never thought to walk its streets and to whom this little volume will bring back many a memory, grave or gay. Professor Louise McIlroy, now head of the Obstetrics Unit of the Royal Free Hospital, was herself among those whom the war took to Constantinople, working with the Scottish Women's Hospital, whose fine record is one of the bright passages in the dark story of the great struggle and its aftermath. Evidently, she made good use of her opportunity of seeing this most interesting city, in which so many strands of destiny have met, and saw it from a somewhat more intimate angle than is vouchsafed to most Europeans because of her sex and work. She seems to have something to say on every possible topic: of the life of the Turkish women and the transition stage through which the relations between men and women of Turkey are passing, of the architecture of Constantinople and the bazaar at Stamboul, of the food of the Turk and his funeral customs and cemeteries. The keynote of Professor McIlroy's book is her wise tolerance of the ways of the men and women of the Near East and her conviction that they are not fairly to be judged by European standards. Many of her pen pictures have considerable beauty, and there are welcome touches of humour, as when she tells how, "passing one day the shop of an ancient Turk, who sat at his doorway in the bazaar, we were surprised at his lack of courtesy when he shouted after us the opprobrious term 'Skunks.' On reflection I grasped the fact that he was airing his only word of English in order to indicate to us that he had furs within for sale, and also their description." It would be possible to use her book as a pleasant and unofficial guide to what to see in Constantinople and how best to see it; but that is by the way. She has made no attempt to act the conscientious cicerone, but wrote these chapters between 1919 and 1920—while the Allied Army of Occupation was in Constantinople—reflecting the strange life of the city in, perhaps, the strangest phase it has ever known, as it passed before her eyes. The result is a very happy mixture of fact, description, romance and legend. Incidentally, there is a very moving description of the arrival of Russian refugees wrecked in the Black Sea in 1920, and an amusing account of a jaunt to Reval, with doctors and sisters from the hospital, which developed into quite a pretty adventure and considerably perturbed some junior officers of His Majesty's Navy. The illustrations are very well chosen and reproduced.

Two Gentlemen of China, by Lady Hosie. (Seeley Service, 21s.)

THIS is a book of travel as different from the ordinary as are the impressions of the visitor to some foreign capital who enters a family and lives the life of the city's inhabitants for a longer or shorter time, from those of the Cook's tourist hurrying breathlessly round the same

city's monuments. Lady Hosie, in the case of the household of Kung Ta Jen, in Tientsin, actually did become an inmate, and what she saw there has enabled her to draw a picture of Chinese life which will certainly surprise most of her readers. The simple gaiety, sincere affection and pleasant equality, within the house, between sons and daughters was as unexpected to her, wide as was already her knowledge of Chinese life, as it is charming to read about, and there is no reason to believe that fate guided her to the only Chinese family in which such qualities flourish. Without affectation or dogmatism Lady Hosie has achieved a book of fact which holds the attention more closely than most books of fiction of which that is the only purpose. Li Chang, the second son, with his artistic soul and his most delicate courtesy; Flower, the strong-minded sister; Gentle Calm, beloved, beautiful and sad; and Small Six, the schoolgirl, are all so clearly drawn that we know these cultured and distinguished people as friends are known, and part from them as sorrowfully. The plot of a Chinese play, incidents of the stirring times in Peking which heralded the foundation of the republic, details of clothes and food and many an amusing *contretemps*, arising often from the difference in languages between Lady Hosie and her hosts—nothing comes amiss. The book is a *pot pourri*, perhaps, but one that will be fragrant for many a long year.

Defeat, by Geoffrey Moss. (Constable, 6s.)

THE short stories of Mr. Moss's small collection are all staged in defeated Germany: all save the last might have been set in any European country where defeat had brought strange inequalities of bitterest poverty and crude extravagance. In all save the last, in spite of his publisher's assertions, he seems to make merely the artist's use of such conditions as the justification of character or the *raison d'être* of incident. The last is a very simple and straightforward account of how a German gentleman, Hasso von Koekritz, major in the Green Police, is thrown to the Separatists by the French authorities, because, in keeping order between Separatists and Communists, he has become an obstacle to their schemes. He is disarmed by the French and beaten to death by their *protégés*, while his English friend, lame and helpless, watches from the balcony of his hotel. It is harrowing because Mr. Moss has succeeded so extraordinarily in endearing Hasso to the reader; yet it is hardly to be judged as a story, for it is either merely an incident leading nowhere or it must be regarded as an accusation out of place here among stories with which the artist rather than the newspaper correspondent has been concerning himself. Of the other stories, two are in somewhat the atmosphere of the *nacht-lokal*, one in which Mr. Moss seems always much at home; and another, "Isn't Life Wonderful?" the story of two young lovers, members of a middle-class family, reduced to direst poverty, who had built themselves a hut and grown the potatoes which are to form the capital for their married life, only to have most of them stolen by hungry night prowlers. In spite of strange lapses on either the printer's or the proof-reader's part, this is among the best short stories recently written in English. It has that rare effect of the transcendent which comes of the touch of genius.

"LAWFUL OCCASIONS"

IF I knew that I should only see one more game of Rugby football and had the choice of a match, I should choose the annual struggle between the Navy and Army. There is a crispness and cleanliness in a Service contest that is unequalled. One sees it in the boxing competitions and in Rugby matches particularly. The key-note of the spirit which animates such "lawful occasions" is keenness with discipline. In all these qualities the match at Twickenham last Saturday was typical, and was one of the finest games I have had the good fortune to see.

This was no "bread-and-butter Miss" sort of a game; it was hard, desperately hard, and there were plenty of hard knocks given and taken—as one would expect when teams composed of men whose business is strife meet—but it was all in the right spirit; there was no rancour, no nastiness about it. Every man was fit to fight for his life; not one would admit defeat until the final whistle had sounded. And the tackling! It was stupendous, whole-hearted final; there were no second chances given and, unless the man with the ball passed *before* he was tackled, it was hopeless—that opening was closed irrevocably.

That the standard of play should be so high, in spite of the desperate keenness of the struggle, was as remarkable as it was indisputable; it was a finer game, from every point of view, than the England v. France match a week before. It was not the sunshine but excitement which kept the 15,000 spectators warm in spite of an icy wind. Age and dignity dropped off senior officers like leaves in a gale, and they shouted like schoolboys.

There were two splendid packs of forwards and for half an hour they fought a ding-dong battle. Then the Army began to wear down their opponents in the tight scrummages, while the advantage they held in the loose became more marked; for the rest of the game the Army forwards were predominant, though the Navy men fought on gallantly. Outside the scrum-mage the Army were in a class above their rivals, for the mantle of Davies has not fallen on his successor as yet. This was apparent, not only so far as the late England captain's individual play was concerned, but also in the leadership of the Navy. Davies' personality was just what his colleagues needed last Saturday; it might have turned the scale in their losing fight against odds.

In defence there was little to choose between the three-quarter lines; but in attack the Army combination was superior, and they made ground whenever the ball came their way. The Navy three-quarters were inclined to get out of position, with the result that, too often, they took their passes standing and could not get off the mark quickly. The right wing, A. R. Aslett and R. K. Millar, was especially forceful, and when these players and the stand-off half-back, Captain B. H. G. Tucker, got on the move there was little "security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions."

The Scottish International, Millar, had a particularly successful day and scored four tries. Lieutenant W. H. H. Aitkin's place-kicking was in pleasant contrast with our recent experiences in the International games. In Tucker, who plays for Cumberland, we have a very useful reserve for England, but, unfortunately, this officer is only home on leave and so will not be available for long. Among the Army forwards there was none better than W. F. Browne, G. D. Young and C. K. T. Faithfull, and T. G. Rennie was frequently conspicuous.

The Irish wing, H. W. V. Stephenson, was the best of the Navy backs, but he did not get many chances and, perhaps in consequence, could not hold his passes towards the end. Chevallier, the scrum-half, worked hard, but his colleague, A. E. Buchanan, was too selfish and tried too often to bullock his way through an impenetrable defence. Of the forwards, W. G. T. Eyres, the Irishman Hallaran and P. R. B. William-Powlett were the best. The cherubic twins, Gardner and Luddington, were scarcely as prominent as usual.

With the exception of Luddington on the English side and possibly Millar on the Scottish, it is unlikely that any of those who played in this match will fight for the Calcutta Cup on the 15th, but one could wish that the England backs had been present last week and had taken to heart the lesson of sound tackling that was demonstrated so clearly. If the Frenchmen had been opposed by either of the Service teams, there would have been far less of that cutting through by the centres which one remembers with some misgiving. At all events, if reserves have to be called upon, the Selection Committee need not look farther than the Navy and Army for what they want.

LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.

THE LEWISIAS

THERE are two kinds of *Lewisia*, the deciduous and the evergreen. The roots are said to be very bitter, whence they obtain the common name of "Bitter Root." One species at least, *L. rediviva* I believe, was eaten by the Indians; they dug up the roots in the spring and, after removing the "bark," cooked and ate them; the inner portion was, apparently, not so bitter.

It has been stated that the reason the Indians lifted the roots in the spring, was because the "bark" slipped off easily at that period, but as *L. rediviva* is one of the deciduous species it is obvious they would be difficult to locate at any other time.

These showy rock plants are seldom seen in rock gardens, their culture being mostly confined to the alpine house or frame. The reason for this, I think, is because they have acquired a bad reputation for hardiness. This is, however, a libel, as I have known them to withstand over 20° of frost. By way of an experiment some were planted in a position where the morning sun could not reach them before the leaves had had time to thaw, the drainage was very thorough, and they were never covered, and stood three successive winters unharmed. This was only carried out to prove their absolute hardiness, the evergreen species being used, and although they flowered well in the summer, those in a sunnier position and which were covered with glass during autumn and winter, were better in this respect. The question then arose, was it the sunnier aspect or the covering which was conducive to greater flower production? There is little doubt, in my opinion, that the latter was the principal factor.

This conclusion was arrived at after a close study of these plants under control (*i.e.*, in pots), together with a knowledge of the conditions obtaining in their habitat.

The last is of great service when growing plants demanding special care in our climate, as very frequently the characteristics acquired by them have become inherent. The genus under

the "bark" of the stem and root becomes flabby and loose, through the shrinking of the core or inner tissues. When growing outside, if they are not covered, it is this "bark" which rots during excessive wet; the covering not only prevents this, but ensures the plants resting until spring. The deciduous species



LEWISIA COTYLEDON.

Evergreen, with white flowers suffused with rose pink.

also require covering. It has been thought by some that the crossing of the deciduous with the evergreen would produce plants which would prove hardier. I fail to follow the reasoning, as, in my experience, they are equally hardy (or tender according to conditions).

However, such a cross was obtained, and was shown in 1922, receiving a Botanical Certificate. It will be interesting to see how this hybrid behaves, and if it is possible to propagate it vegetatively, which is doubtful. Both the deciduous and evergreen species require perfect drainage, but they also require an abundance of water during the growing season; this has to be supplied regularly during hot weather, preferably by means of a small drainpipe or flower-pot sunk level with the ground and filled with stones. This necessity for watering over a long period may have something to do with their unpopularity, but if they be planted firmly in a perpendicular crevice filled with very stony soil, they will be found to be independent of artificial watering once they are established and will not be liable to rot if not covered. They must not be put where the sun can fall upon them early in the morning during winter.

They are all partial to lime, which, if lacking in the soil used, is most conveniently supplied in the form of finely broken (not powdered) old mortar rubble. A good compost is two parts fibrous loam chopped small, one part mortar rubble, one part sharp grit or sand.

I have called these rock plants and, although some are alpine and others sub-alpine, they are all saxatile and require plenty of stone in the neighbourhood of the roots. Those species most commonly grown are *L. rediviva*, which has the largest flowers

of the genus, of a lovely shade of pink; white forms have been found, but rarely. This species frequently begins to lose its leaves when the flower spikes push up, sometimes before. Under control it is possible to have two periods of flower in a



LEWISIA TWEEDYI.

One of the "Gem" Lewisias with rich deep pink blossoms.

notice demands a period of rest; as in California, whence many of the species come, the season of active growth is a comparatively short one, the dormant period being proportionately long. When these plants are "rested" in pots, it will be noticed that

season by judicious use of the watering can.

L. oppositifolia is another deciduous species with lovely pure white fringed flowers, which in the bud stage are reminiscent of the soldanella.

L. Leeana, another semi-deciduous species has quite small flowers, and these occur in immense panicles of a delicate mauve colour.

L. Tweedyi is, perhaps, the most "difficult" of the family, but is a gem for pot culture, with rich deep pink blossoms.

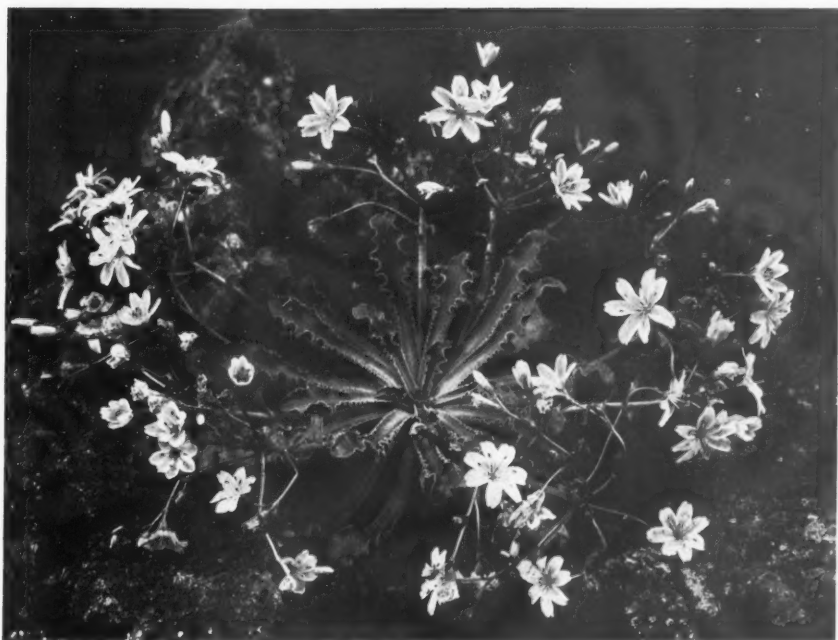
L. Cotyledon is an evergreen with white flowers heavily suffused with rose pink, and has a stately appearance.

L. Howellii is of similar habit to the above, but has quaintly crinkled leaves and pink flowers overlaid with orange, which is deep at the base of the petals and shades off to a buff at the edges.

The other members of this family are seldom seen in cultivation.

The culture of these plants, belonging to the natural order of the Portulacaceæ, can be undertaken with beneficial results if the few points above are attended to, and the rock garden will gain much in beauty and appearance thereby.

C. S. G.



LEWISIA HOWELLII.
Crinkled leaves and pink blooms.

INJURIOUS INSECTS AFFECTING FRUIT TREES, AND THEIR DESTRUCTION

IN the culture of fruit, whether it be in the orchard, open garden or, as in many cases in this country, under glass, the question of the possible attack of injurious insects on the crop in cultivation is oft-times regarded with dread and dismay. Yet, when looked at from another standpoint, such a fear keeps the grower in a state of mental alertness, as he carefully tends and assists his crop to maturity.

When looking out for insects in the orchard or garden it is advisable that one should distinguish between the attacks of insects. In one group—which may be defined as containing those insects and forms which bite, chew and eat the parts of a plant, thus obtaining their food supply—may be placed the majority of caterpillars, larvæ or grubs of flies, beetles, chafers, etc. A second group, distinguished by sucking their food from the tissues of the host plant, includes such a tribe as the scale insects or aphides. This distinction serves as a guide when one is making ready to attack a particular pest. In the former case, application of an arsenical spray, such as lead arsenate, used under control, will destroy the insect without injuring the plant. It may be pointed out here that plants in blossom should not be sprayed at the time when the pollinating insects will be killed. To deal with the second group, a caustic wash must be applied to injure the bodies of the attackers. A lime sulphur solution is now finding great favour, and is one of the safest and most efficient of all washes. For

pests in plant houses, sulphur and tobacco can be used,

but these injure the plants. The best fumigant is hydrocyanic acid gas or potassium cyanide for use in houses, but this must be carefully handled only by an expert. In a few words, then, it is important to realise the method by which the insect obtains its food, as a knowledge of this enables one to eradicate the pest.

The apple, in unfavourable conditions, such as unsuitable soil and climate, is liable to be attacked by many insects. The most harmful pest in this country is, probably, the woolly aphis (*Schizoneura lanigera*). It is exceedingly common and a most destructive aphid in neglected orchards. Its presence on apple trees may be detected by the white cottony appearance of the branches on the tree. This is due to quantities of wax given out from skin glands. These white masses often hang loose on the tree. It is most important to the practical man to realise that this insect lives both above and below ground, and hence is somewhat difficult to deal with effectually.

Another destructive pest met with on apple is the apple blossom weevil (*Anthonomus pomorum*). This insect has caused serious havoc in several districts in England. The result of infestation by this weevil is the formation of "capped blossom," the petals of the flower becoming brownish and remaining unexpanded, thus preventing further growth. The blossom ultimately dies and falls off. When the attack is severe, a heavy loss of crop results.

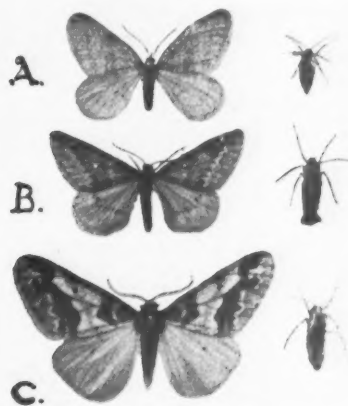
Among insects which attack apple are the apple sucker (injuring the flower buds and flowers); the codling moth, apple sawfly, lackey moth, goat moth, ermine moth, fruit tree beetle



THE SWELLINGS OR "GALLS" PRODUCED
BY THE WOOLLY APHIS.



A PROPERLY APPLIED GREASE-BAND TO GUARD AGAINST THE RAVAGES OF THE
WINTER MOTHS (A, B AND C.).



(adults and larvæ, tunnelling in the wood and bark). Of all these pests, probably the most frequent and persistent is the codling moth, as it occurs yearly. The worm-eaten condition of the young fruit is well known, but one must be careful to distinguish between the damage caused by the larvæ of this moth and those of the apple sawfly. The sawfly larva enters through the side of the apple, eating away an irregular cavity within; while the moth larva bores through the core of the apple and mines to the outside. Many other orchard fruits are also injured by this moth, such as pears, plums and peaches. A most important point to note when dealing with this attack is to keep the ground free from rubbish.

Many of the insects causing damage to the apple are also found on the pear. A few, however, may be said to be indigenous to the pear—for example, the pear midge (*Diplosis pyrivora*). It causes frequent trouble, and is probably wide in its distribution. It seems likely that those varieties which blossom early are more liable to infestation. The damage is caused by the small legless yellow grub living inside the young pears and eating out the fleshy pulp of the fruit, thus stunting its further growth. The fruit cracks, dies and ultimately drops off. These fallen fruits should be picked up and destroyed.

The pear leaf blister mite (*Eriophyes pyri*) is also a troublesome enemy of the pear and is somewhat common in England. The foliage is attacked in this case, and characteristic blotches or blisters appear on the leaves, which are reddish brown and, later, black in colour. Where infection is slight, it is well to pick off the attacked leaves and burn them. The pear and cherry sawfly (*Eriocampa limacina*) also deserves mention as a destructive agent on pear and cherry trees. The larvæ of this fly feed on the leaves of cherry, pear and plum. They devour the upper sides of the leaves and the tissue of the leaf—so that the remainder consists of the veins held together by the lower epidermis, which is left untouched and becomes dark brown. Such infestation leads to a decreased production of fruit, since the tree itself is greatly weakened. In wet seasons this pest is not to be feared. A liberal dressing of lime and soot is useful.

On plums we find the plum aphid carrying on a destructive crusade against the foliage. These aphides are found congregated on the underside of the leaves of the young shoots. One of the Geometridæ or winter moths (*Cheimatobia brumata*) also plays havoc with the plum. This is a most injurious orchard pest. In some years, when conditions are suitable, such as drought and heat, the mischief is widespread. The caterpillars, which hatch out from eggs deposited by the females in autumn in crevices of twigs and branches, make their way in spring to the young foliage and flower trusses, which they feed on, gradually destroying them. This ultimately affects the crop of fruit. Grease-banding of the fruit trees is the method employed to check this pest, as this prevents the wingless females from crawling up the bark in autumn.

Gooseberries have several insect visitors which may prove troublesome. The most important is probably that of the magpie moth. It proves serious if allowed to proceed unchecked. It is best to deal with it in its early stages. It generally proves more of a pest in the garden than in orchards. The gooseberry and currant sawfly larvæ cause damage to the bushes by eating away the soft tissues of the leaves, leaving only the midrib and veins. These larvæ are only active for about four weeks, but yet the bushes are much weakened. Associated with the gooseberry pests we have those on currants. Many insects are common to both. An insect worthy of a few remarks is the black currant mite, which causes the well known "big bud" of black currants. It is a most serious pest, and its attacks have caused a marked diminution in the area devoted to cultivation of currants. The young buds are attacked, and these react to the stimulus of the insect by swelling till they are twice the size of the normal bud. The foliage is thus destroyed in this embryo condition. Recently a method has been attempted to check this pest—that of pruning the bushes to within 3 ins. of the ground and then burning over the infested area along with the bushes which will come up the next year free from the pest.



BLACK CURRANT SHOOTS. THE SPRAY ON THE LEFT IS ATTACKED BY "GALL" MITES.

This short survey will assist in a small way those who are interested in fruit growing to recognise some of the more common insects which may be met with on a day's march through a neglected orchard. It should be borne in mind that injurious insects follow close on the heels of disease, and that disease is generally further strengthened by the destructive agency of insect pests. As the areas of fruit cultivation increase so also will the pests to which these fruits act as food. It is most important, however, that proper treatment, including the requisite soil requirements of the plant, adequate protection and careful tending, should be meted out by the cultivator to his crop, so that it can best meet and beat off the attacks of these marauders if called upon to do so. G. C. TAYLOR.

WINTER SPRAYING OF FRUIT TREES

FROM the end of February and onwards until the middle of April those spraying operations which have, perhaps, the greatest influence on the yield and health of fruit should be carried out. It is essential that spraying be done with a definite object in view if it is to yield a maximum of efficiency, for the results from haphazard and indiscriminate spraying are equally disappointing, and before deciding upon the spray to use the consideration of a number of factors is necessary.

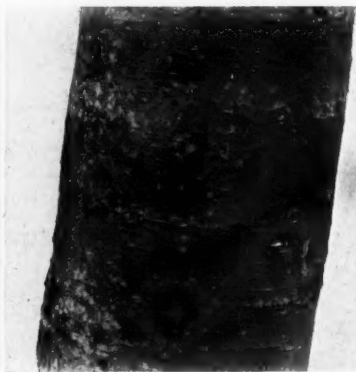
Sprays may be divided into two groups, routine or insurance sprays, the application of which assists in the maintenance of a high standard of plantation or orchard cleanliness, and special sprays applied to control a particular pest or disease which is known to be present. The spray programme adopted for the plantation should aim at judiciously combining these so as to cover the greatest range of orchard troubles with the least expenditure of labour and materials.

WHY TO SPRAY.

Certain insect and fungus pests are known to pass the winter on fruit trees, and in spring, unless destroyed or otherwise checked, these spread to the developing leaves, flowers or fruits and cause considerable losses. The apple blossom weevil may destroy 80 per cent. of the blossom, the blossom wilt fungus may work great havoc among the blossom trusses, and the codling moth caterpillars may produce an extensive deterioration in the market value of the fruit. The pests hibernating on the trees may be found in a variety of stages, the aphid and sucker passing the



PORTION OF TRUNK OF APPLE TREE SHOWING ROUGH BARK WHERE INSECTS HIBERNATE



BARK TREATED ANNUALLY WITH LIME SULPHUR. NOTE SMOOTHNESS.

winter as eggs on the twigs, the small yellowish caterpillars of the bud moth may be found under brownish cocoons near the buds. Adult insects are in many cases located under loose bark in crevices and cracks, and of the insects over-wintering in this stage, one, the apple blossom weevil, is of special importance.

SPRAYS TO USE.

While some pests need special treatment, it is found that certain sprays are more or less equally efficacious in controlling a number of insect enemies and fungus diseases, and these, therefore, form the basis of winter spraying. Of such general utility sprays lime sulphur is one of the most important, for it has good fungicidal properties, it has considerable value as an egg destroyer and, though it has little direct effect on hibernating insects, its annual application causes the bark of fruit trees to scale off until very little shelter is left for such insects. Fig. 2 shows the general effect of a yearly application of lime sulphur. The rough bark has peeled off and a smooth-barked condition is maintained. Caustic soda is a spray which may be applied to trees which are infested with lichens, it also destroys numbers of insects and promotes general healthiness. Lime-wash applied year by year gives good results, since many eggs and insects are sealed in and perish beneath the coating of lime and others are directly destroyed by its action. Trees with rough bark like that shown in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 1) afford excellent shelter for insects, and the only satisfactory sprays for use on such locations are those containing a good penetrating agent, for example, paraffin, caustic soda and tar distillate.

WHEN TO SPRAY.

During the winter and spring, when the trees are leafless, sprays can be made to reach every branch and twig, and since the buds are well protected, caustic substances, which at a later period would be fatal to the developing buds or young tender leaves, may be employed; and at this time many pests are

susceptible to treatment which would later be inefficient owing to the protection afforded by the blossom clusters and dense foliage. It has been found that the maximum efficiency of sprays is obtained when the sprays are applied at those periods when the buds have reached certain definite stages of development. Thus, caustic soda, paraffin emulsion, tar distillate and limewash should be applied as late as possible before the buds show signs of moving. In this stage of development, known as the "dormant" stage, the buds are still well protected by the enveloping scales, and it extends usually until the end of February in the case of plums, and until the middle of March with apples and pears. Lime sulphur should be applied at a later stage, known as the "delayed dormant" or "green tip" stage, when the buds have elongated and the first sign of green coloration can be seen at the tips. In all cases the later the date of application consistent with absolute safety to the buds the better the results will be. The following table gives particulars of the spray formulae recommended for a few pests together with times of application.

Time.	Pests Controlled.	Spray.	Fruit.
"Dormant" stage, i.e., before buds commence growth.	Blossom wilt, lichens and mosses.	2lb. caustic soda, rogalls. water.	Plums, pears and apples.
	Fungi and insect eggs, e.g., aphid and apple sucker.	4 galls. lime sulphur, 60 galls. water, 1lb. calcium caseinate.	Plums, pears and apples.
	Hibernating insects, e.g., apple blossom weevil and bud moth.	10 galls. paraffin, 100 galls. soft water, 1½lb. calcium caseinate.	Pears and apples.
"Green tip" stage i.e., when buds are swelling and tips showing green.	Aphid eggs, sucker eggs, peachleaf curl.	2 galls. lime sulphur, 60 galls. water, 1lb. calcium caseinate.	Plums, pears, peaches, nectarines, currants, gooseberries.

HERBERT W. MILES.

THE BEST FRENCH HORSE?

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.

IF the question were asked: "Which is the best French horse that has hitherto appeared?" nine out of ten in our present mood would answer, "Epinard." He may be so. I am merely out to say that he has yet to prove it. If he wins at Kempton under jost, he will place himself on the level of Minting, who won the Jubilee under that weight—no higher. But if to that he adds the Ascot Cup, won easily, it will be time to ask if he is the equal of one who, sixty years ago, showed himself not merely the best of all French horses who have ever run, but perhaps even the best of all horses of all countries, even though the figure of Ormonde rises up against us—I mean, of course, Gladiateur. It is, I fully admit, impossible to compare conclusively the deeds of horses whose careers fall at any distance of time apart. If, however, Epinard shall do deeds which make the grand old horse turn in his far-off grave of sixty years ago, then who will not take off his hat—my own is a pre-war one—in rejoicing that our neighbours have bred the best horse that the world has known, for such he would have to be to be much better than Gladiateur. We shall, all who love a horse, be glad, as we ought to be.

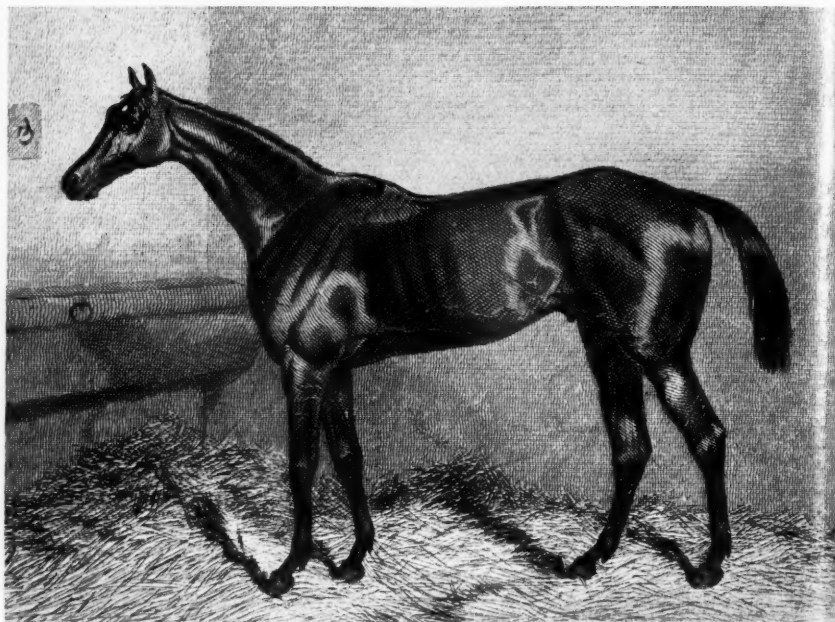
There are not, I take it, very many men alive who saw Gladiateur win any of his great races, fewer perhaps who knew him on the training ground, and yet fewer who knew him personally in his box. All these things happened to the present writer, who as a boy—I beg pardon, a man—of twenty living with his father, Admiral George Davies, the Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire, had great opportunities. They are my excuse for trying to give to others the picture of the great horse as it rises before me.

My first acquaintance with him was made one hot September morning in 1864. I had risen with the lark and cantered over, as I loved to do, from Cambridge to see the morning gallops—Is there a more beautiful sight to be seen?—and, sitting with a friend on the edge of the plantation which divided the Warren Hill from the Limekilns, I became aware of a string of horses threading their way across. The rosy crimson hoods told that they belonged to Count Lagrange. That excellent old jockey Robert Sly, who stood by, told us that they were the Count's two year olds, of which he had a goodly quantity, moderates mostly, among whom was one that towered above his fellows, making Le Mandarin, Argences and the rest—much better known at that time to the public than he—look like ponies. "That," said Sly, "is a two year old called Gladiateur. Some people think a deal of him." As he stopped and gazed at us with his great intelligent eyes I had a good chance of fixing his image in my mind. Nor has it ever been lost. He was even then well over 16h. rin., and destined to be nearer 17h. at last, but as yet an unfinished baby. There was something that told that one was looking at a mighty horse. He had, for a two year old, a high crest, which fined down next year and he carried, of course, at that age, more flesh than a year or two later. In colour a

bright bay with black legs and only a small star on his forehead, he was like Bay Middleton, as we saw Lord Jersey's idol in Fore's window quite lately from Herring's hand. Indeed, there was no small likeness between the two in the beautiful setting on of the head and neck, and to a great extent of the whole horse till you reached the quarters. For, whereas Bay Middleton was a little tied up—on the evidence of Herring—Gladiateur had magnificent quarters with plenty of liberty, and great propelling power. Indeed, his hips were so prominent that men fell back on the usual phrase of "ragged." I have never known why big hips should be called by that name or where the rags come in. But it is agreed, so let it pass. For some of us it only means great surface for the attachment of invaluable leverage muscles. He was a good horse to follow, showing immense development of haunch and thigh, which made him stand, as he also galloped, very wide behind. He was, indeed, good to look upon from any point, for he was horse all over. I do not mean by this that his lines were those of great aesthetic beauty. The same remark applies to Ormonde also. Far inferior horses have often been far more captivating, Ely, Lord Lyon, Tetrarch, Persimmon and many another. But whatever is to be looked for in a horse that can gallop for a kingdom was to be found, even as in the "ragged" hips, to some excess. He had a blemish on one of his fetlocks—off fore, if I remember well—a lump of the shape and size of half a tennis ball, caused it was said, by a fight in his yearling days. He was likely to have held his own, I take it, but he carried the mark to his grave. Most people thought that this was the cause of his constant lameness, but this was not so. It did him no harm. The reason why he went through his wonderful career more or less lame in every race, except perhaps the Derby, and sometimes really with only three sound legs, was navicular disease. He would be led down to the course a lame horse. Was he downhearted? No. When once he realised that racing was afoot he was all agog and hard to keep quiet. And then he gave all the others the chance to see that he was a good horse to follow. They had to.

Once I had the unforgettable pleasure of galloping up behind him when he walked over for some race in the spring of 1866. In those days a horse "walked over," i.e., cantered over the entire course. In those days, too, the course was not railed in till close to the finish. It was a great object lesson in animal motion. What struck me most was the extraordinary power with which he seemed to strike out with his off hind leg, and, again, the splendid way in which he tucked his hocks under him. It may, I think, be said of all great horses that it is the propelling power of the hindquarters that counts for most. He went very wide behind, more so than I ever saw in another. "You might drive a wheelbarrow between his legs," said some writer. But with it all his action was very light and delightful to watch.

Some six weeks after the meeting among the trees Gladiateur carried the Count's blue and red for the first time in the Clearwell which, all unfit as yet, he won easily enough and then in the Prendagast he only made a dead heat for third with Longdown, to whom, a year later, he gave weight and a forty lengths beating. And lastly for that year, coughing badly and even more unfit and without a price, he was unplaced in the Criterion. And so to winter quarters. Small wonder if only a few people "who thought a deal of him," bothered their heads about him. Next spring was a time when men all lost their heads. For there was romance of a kind—not a very inspiring kind—in the game of beggar-my-neighbour, between the Marquess of Hastings and Mr. Chaplin, as all the world knew. And when Mr. Chaplin had paid what was then a huge sum, 12,000 gns., for Breadalbane and Broomielaw, the Marquis capped it by buying Kangaroo, the rankest of impostors, at a king's ransom. And all three were destined henceforth to see what a good horse the Frenchman was to follow. And follow they did when, from the dip on Two Thousand day he came sailing up with his race easily won and Liddington dropping away beaten. Suddenly Archimedes came with one of Aldcroft's rushes and Gladiateur only tumbled home in a most unconvincing fashion. When the great horse had shown afterwards that he was fully twenty pounds and endless lengths better than anything else in the race, men set about explaining the Two Thousand by saying—it is the explanation suggested in the Badminton series—that the winner could not have been wound up. That is, indeed, true to an extent, but the real explanation lies elsewhere, and here it is, as I had it from Harry Grimshaw's doctor when the poor fellow lay dead in his coffin at an inn just outside Cambridge in the autumn of 1866. He had been killed by driving sideways into a ditch just outside the turnpike. His doctor who had, of course, kept his knowledge as a professional secret, told the coroner that Grimshaw so suffered from conical cornea as to be in some circumstances almost blind. I was at the inquest and afterwards the doctor enlarged to a friend of his with whom I was. He said that in the Two Thousand Grimshaw had been watching Liddington and saw nothing else. He never saw Archimedes. He had eased Gladiateur, who had easily won his race, when he heard something coming with a rattle. He got his horse going somehow and scrambled home. I have never seen this explanation in print. In the Derby, Goater, who rode Brahma, declared that but for a friendly halloo from him, Grimshaw would have let himself get beaten by such a commoner as Christmas Carol. The tragedy of it! Then came the Grand Prix and a few minor races, all won anyhow, and then the St. Leger, which he won on



GLADIATEUR, THE BEST FRENCH HORSE OF YESTERDAY.

three legs—so Jennings declared. And then, after two more small races came the Cambridgeshire, for which the Admiral gave him 9st. 12lb. to carry up the old Cambridgeshire hill, a very different thing from the present course and nearly all on the collar. It must be remembered, too, that in that day the lowest weight was 5st. 7lb., as against the 6st. of to-day. His weight, therefore, was really 7lb. more as compared with the weights of to-day. That is to say it should be reckoned at 10st. 5lb. Yet Jennings, and a vast number of the public would not hear of his being beaten. "He would carry that watercart and win," he had said in front of the Rooms to a disbeliever. It is true that Jennings possessed an old trial horse—I think it was Balham—a most respectable animal of good plating merit and a perfect George Washington for never telling a lie, to whom Gladiateur could give whenever he felt so disposed, no less than 6st. True also that he had given that rare old Oaks winner, Fille de l'air, when at her very best, a year, 8lb., and an easy beating. The old trainer had some grounds for his faith. And now let us see what it was the French horse tried to do. To give weight to everything in a first rate field of various ages. To give 20lb. to the Oaks winner, that really great though self-willed mare Regalia, destined with Norman or Heartfield on her back often to make history. To give to Breadalbane (Blair Athol's brother) a good miler, 21lb.; to the Duke (elder half-brother of the Earl), a good horse in any year, 22lb. To give to such horses as Elland and Ostregor, presently to win big races, 3st. 3lb. and 3st. 10lb. respectively, and big weights to other horses of repute.

But above all he was to give to the ultimate winner, Gardevisure, no less than 52lb. Here surely the Admiral had made a blunder. For Gardevisure (half-sister to Lord Lyon and Achievement), was a mare of classic quality. As a yearling she had been so highly tried that her owner, Mr. Richard Sutton, engaged her heavily. As a two year old she won good races, and in 1865 she started favourite for the One Thousand, but finished fourth, being for the time off her form. They did not run her in the Oaks, but she won the Fernhill at Ascot, and ran second in the Yorkshire Oaks. A mare, therefore, of known merit, whose light weight could only have been due to the Admiral's assurance that she would not stay the Cambridgeshire course. The public agreed, and her stable shared the fear. Yet, when the rainbow of colours appeared over the hill, the black jacket and red cap of Lord Lyon's half-sister had the race in hand, and she came home easily, with the little boy sawing away like a demented windmill to the last—as his orders probably bade him. Then came Lord Poulett's Nu, a four year old carrying 5st. 7lb. (receiving a year and 61lb. from Gladiateur), and Mr. Payne's four year old sister to the Drake, 5st. 10lb. Then, close up, several horses, among whom were the Duke and Gladiateur. Writers are not agreed as to who was fourth. Mr. Dixon says Gladiateur. He certainly



W. A. Rouch. EPINARD, THE BEST FRENCH HORSE OF TO-DAY. [Copyright.]

was one of the first six. And now let us analyse his share in the proceedings. It was one of those late October afternoons when the gloom and dullness of the neighbouring fens seem to spread over the heath—a very bad afternoon for a near-sighted jockey. There was a delay of half an hour, with many false starts, at the post. (Two jockeys were afterwards suspended.) And this, for a three year old carrying 9st. 12lb. was far more serious than for any other horse in the race—enough, perhaps, without further cause, to be fatal. For Gladiateur was always on his toes when he was to race. But the real factor in his defeat was undoubtedly his jockey's blindness. Jennings had given Grimshaw orders to lie well up with his horses and then come away and win. But to his horror he saw Grimshaw lying far out of his ground. People near him heard him cry: "Whatever is Harry doing?" The jockey seemed at no time to be pressing his horse. "Where were you at the red post," was Jennings's exasperated enquiry after the race. "I was well up with them," said Grimshaw, whereas anyone could see that he was right back. Grimshaw had obviously not known where he was. Jennings always maintained that, ridden to orders, his horse should have won or been one of the first three. I think he should have been second, for I can hardly think that even he, to whom weight made so little difference, could have given the 52lb. to a mare like Gardevisure, though, if the two had been together 200yds. from home I have no doubt that the French horse would have got home first. Even as it was his running under his weight has no equal in history. If only we could know the relative merits of Gardevisure and Verdict we could estimate the performances of Gladiateur and Epinard. In 1865 the French horse won other races, always winning as he liked—he seemed to have a special liking for forty lengths. And then in the spring of his four year old season processions as before. But his trainer had very anxious days before Ascot. The horse was continually lame and it was always doubtful if he could be sent for the Cup. When the day came there were, I think, only three starters—at any rate only three that mattered—the other two being Regalia and Breadalbane. These two were out to find out Gladiateur's leg, especially Breadalbane, who went away, quite wisely, for all he

was worth. Grimshaw had orders to ride Gladiateur tenderly, especially down the hill and then to close up and win as usual. But Grimshaw lay so far behind—once more did he know?—that all spectators gave up hope. As he came into the straight he was—so says Mr. Dixon—fully three hundred yards behind. Yet he caught the two leaders as if they had been statues, and won by forty lengths. Old trainers who saw it spoke of themselves as awestruck. We cannot answer the question why Grimshaw let that seemingly impossible gap occur, whether through necessity or mistake. But why did he, with a horse whose leg needed such nursing, let him risk a breakdown by a forty lengths win? That question I can answer. I had it from Jennings's own words, "the horse ran away with him." He was too lame to go to Goodwood, but he won once more in France—a four mile race at Trouville, I think—and then the turf knew him no more.

This was, then, the horse whose memory is to be on trial this year with the achievements yet to come of Epinard. So far, the older horse has not been displaced from his pedestal by Epinard's second to Verdict in the Cambridgeshire—truly a gallant performance by a gallant horse. But there is time enough before Epinard yet, with Epsom, Kempton and, above all, the Ascot Cup. Out of all these he may build up a name which shall rank him with Gladiateur and Ormonde or even higher. If this is to be so, who that loves the horse better than the race and both better than the bet, will not welcome the facts that racing has done that which it claims as its first object? No one can fail to have noted that in the upward path of the thoroughbred in the last two hundred years, at intervals there has appeared a horse who has been a landmark: Flying Childers, Eclipse, Plenipo, Gladiateur, Ormonde. And if in the last forty years we seem, perhaps, a little to have been marking time, it may be, and may it be, that Epinard may prove to be another landmark to show us that we have gone forward. We may pay for it willingly by the sacrifice of a hero or two that we loved when all was young.

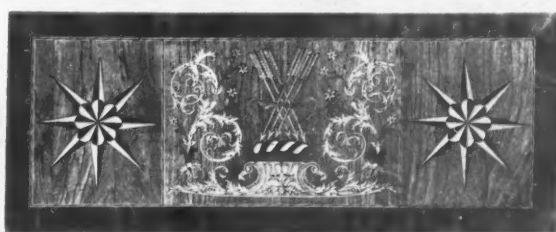
GERALD S. DAVIES.

MARQUETRIED FURNITURE AND MIRRORS IN THE COLLECTION OF CAPTAIN COLVILLE

AFTER the restoration of monarchy until the early years of the eighteenth century there was a development of surface enrichment of furniture, such as marquetry, veneer, lacquer, and oyster shell parquetry, the marquetry and parquetry pieces being totally distinct in technique from the mother-o'-pearl inlaid furniture dating from the second half of the seventeenth century. The latter is a very interesting class of furniture, of which the rich and exotic effect may, perhaps, be attributed to the trade treaty and *rapprochement* with Spain in 1630. Though, by the evidence of dated examples, the class of work was executed for a little more than half a century, it is practically restricted to cabinets and a few inlaid chests. Cabinets of mother-o'-pearl appear in the inventories of great houses of the Carolean and Commonwealth period, and the "large trunk of Mother of Pearl with two drawers" which figures in the Tart Hall inventory of 1641 may be of this character. From the absence of important carved oak court cupboards and buffets of this period, it is probable that these cupboards supplied their place in the dining parlour. The panel centres only are inlaid and the stiles ornamented with long split balusters or *batons*. The fantastic busts and the date (1661) engraved on the plaques of a fine oak cabinet, add an individual touch to this piece. As in other specimens of the bone and mother-o'-pearl inlay, the designs consist of scrolls, branching out into somewhat shapeless flowers and centring in a stiff flower that resembles a shuttlecock. Inlay of this type occupies only a small share of the surface, and is framed up in the centre of mitred surrounds, or of an archway in perspective, or in an oval or circular surround divided into quarters of keystones. The effect is undeniably rich, but the chopped out and roughly shaped details, engraved with cross-hatching, cannot compare with the sensitive cutting of floral and scroll marquetry in wood that so soon followed it. The quality of this inlay and marquetry of the late seventeenth century was certainly very high, and Evelyn recognises the rapid improvement in the technique of joiner and cabinet-maker, who were in his day able to produce works "as curious as any to be met with abroad," and mentions the many varieties of exotic woods employed by inlayers and also notes the shadowing of leaves in their "curious compartments or borders of flower-work" by dipping the pieces into a pan of hot sand, a practice which has been supposed to have been characteristic of Dutch rather than of English marquetry. The high quality and close similarity between marquetry pieces of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century indicates that the manufacture was centralised in the hands of a few skilled cabinet-makers, such as Gerriet Jensen, who specialised in fine furniture and supplied the Royal palaces.

Small tables, ornamented on all four sides, are, with the accompanying set of mirrors and stands for lights, highly

decorative; the legs are generally spirally twisted and connected by a flat stretcher, but the presence of the drawer and the shaping of the stretcher on three sides only, indicates that the table (Fig. 2)



1.—WALNUT CARD TABLE FROM STREATLAM CASTLE. Top inlaid with Bowes crest.

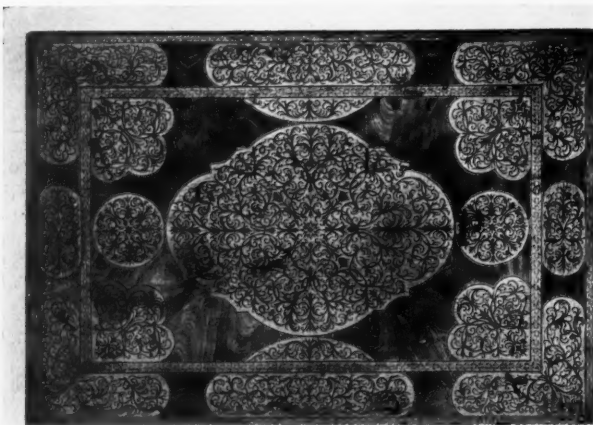
was designed to stand against the wall. At this period, the last years of the seventeenth century, there is an increasing skill in turning of spiral legs and varieties such as the double and triple open twist, and tapered twists, far more finished and elaborate than the earlier knob turning, appear on small tables and stands.

Of the tops of the two tables, one (Fig. 3) is parquetry, the other marquetry with the essentially English small seaweed or endive design in panels, the intervening ground being veneered with patterned oyster pieces (Fig. 2). In the walnut card table (Fig. 1), with folding top, the two front legs (as in a similar type of writing table), swing out to support the hinged leaf; the wood is streaky, light-coloured English walnut, and the top, surrounded by a wide cross-banding and inlaid with large stars, has in the centre the Bowes crest of a sheaf of arrows or, feathered and headed argent banded azure. With other fine furniture this table came into the Strathmore family on the marriage of the Earl of Strathmore in 1767 to Mary Eleanor, the only daughter and heiress of George Bowes of Streatham Castle and Gibside.

The principal position of mirrors in living-rooms was to give reflected daylight to dark interiors and a sense of spaciousness to the dark interspaces between windows. Long mirrors, made up of three Vauxhall plates and framed in a narrow gilt moulding, were used by Pepys to fill the narrow interspaces between his fine presses or bookcases, which are preserved at Magdalene College, Cambridge, while a mirror with a tortoiseshell or glass frame clasped with metal mounts, is shown hanging in the pier between the windows in his London house in a contemporary pen and ink drawing in the catalogue of his library. Glass plates, from their expense, continued to be used sparingly as decoration, and in 1698 a correspondent of Thomas Coke, whose new house in St. James's Place, was being fitted and furnished, asks whether glass is to be used in the piers of the dining-room and over the marble chimney-piece there? "It is a very dear ornament," he adds, "therefore I do not advise it." The framing of the mirror plate was extremely varied. Some are framed in stumpwork, bordered with metal galon, strained on a wooden backing, as in an example in Captain Colville's collection.

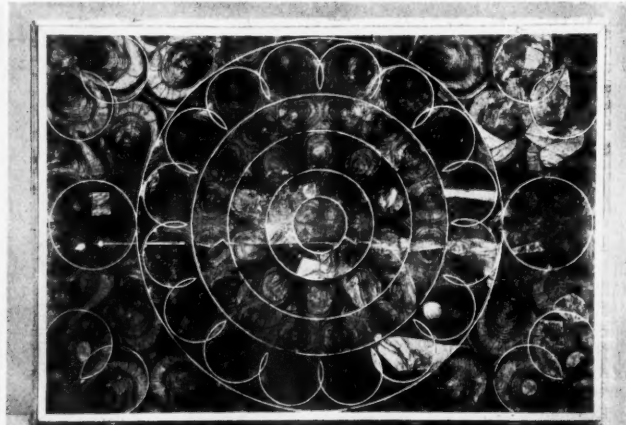
Until the reign of William III the frames of these square or oblong mirrors consisted of a wide convex moulding, sometimes surmounted by a heading, such as a mirror in which the border is marquetry with acanthus scrolls and highly finished lilies, tulips and other flowers, surmounted with a cross-banded moulding in walnut veneer. A second mirror marquetry with foliated scrolls and with the cypher of the Duke of Leeds (1694), came from Hornby Castle, where so much furniture of the late seventeenth century existed until lately in untouched condition. On many of these pieces the ducal coronet with the cypher was introduced to commemorate his new honour, which conveniently establishes a date. French craftsmen, shortly after the Restoration of the Edict of Nantes, proved successful in casting large mirror plates, and in the early eighteenth century there is a distinct revival in the glass trade in England. At this time the most important manufacturer of glasses was a certain Gumley, who supplied two looking-glasses for Chatsworth in 1703. Gumley's "glass gallery" over the Royal Exchange is described with enthusiasm by Steele in the "Lover," 1714, in which he speaks of the present perfection of the English glass manufacture, adding that "it is not in the power of any potentate in Europe to have so beautiful a mirror as he may purchase here for a trifle. It is a modest computation that England gains fifty thousand pounds a year by exporting this commodity for the service of Foreign nations." With the early eighteenth century mirrors reach a wider public and their frames are less elaborate. Mirrors in frames of wood covered with tortoiseshell, of which the joints were masked by repoussé metal ornaments, and frames of ebony or ebonised wood enriched with ripple mouldings, appears in the second half of the seventeenth century. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, however, successful attempts were made to break down the rich Venetian monopoly, and the date of the introduction at Vauxhall of a Venetian colony of glassmakers is stated by Manning and Bray to have been "about 1670," when the Duke of Buckingham patronised them. From this Vauxhall factory must have come the plates for exceptional extravagances, such as the Duchess of Portsmouth's glass-lined room.

M. JOURDAIN.



2.—OBLONG TABLE DECORATED WITH SEAWEED MARQUETRY IN PANELS.

The top similarly treated and veneered with patterned oyster pieces of walnut.



3.—WALNUT TABLE, THE STRETCHER VENEERED.

The top and frieze parquetry with oyster pieces, inlaid in concentric circles.

CORRESPONDENCE

BEWICK'S SWANS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am much disappointed at not having any pictures of Bewick's swans to follow those of the whoopers in your last week's issue, but perhaps you may care to hear something of these swans and of my attempts to photograph them. Sometime about February 17th the majority of whooper swans left the broad and were replaced by Bewick's. I first realised this on the night of the 17th, because of the difference in the note of a flock which was feeding close at hand but invisible. For some days the weather had prevented me from getting on the broad, but on the 19th I was able to see these swans, and identified them as Bewick's. They are not so noisy as whoopers and feed almost silently. The note is more like the honking of geese, higher pitched than that of the whoopers and lacks the resonant "who-o-o-oop." I made several attempts at photographing this flock of Bewick's, but they would not come within range. Bewick's are even smarter in their movements than whoopers. When we chased them they flew to a big ice sheet on the south side of the broad, and from this unassailable position they stood and watched us. At times they were motionless like a battalion of soldiers at attention; heads up, eyes front. Sometimes the battalion wheeled and marched in line eastwards, then turned and marched westwards. When about to rise the whole line became tense, the long taper necks with their delicately poised heads were held stiffly. They rise in order, one after the other, until the whole line is on the wing. Then the line divides and assumes the V formation. But they are most beautiful when, with motionless, curved wings, they glide down towards the water. When this occurs in full sunlight the swans seem not quite to belong to this world. Wild swans have frequented the broad since January 4th. Except on one occasion, they have not been shot at. It was specially requested that all gunners should refrain from firing at them, even on the day of the annual coot shoot when anything seems to be lawful prey. Consequently, these visitors from far-off shores have settled down to enjoy the hospitality offered them. They have done good service in weeding the Broad, though the species of carex on which they feed is not very troublesome. In rooting up the long feathery carex they have also brought to the surface masses of a green slimy alga, and by exposing it to the frost have destroyed a great deal of this unsavoury substance.—E. L. TURNER.

MAH JONGG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read statements about Mah Jongg in English papers, which by no means correspond with what the Chinese tell me about the game out here. Although some sort of a game with painted pebbles was undoubtedly played in China a long time ago, and had, perhaps, some resemblance to the present-day game, it seems that Mah Jongg itself is quite a modern pastime, and has only been known to the Chinese themselves for something under fifty years. It is still very popular in China, but other simpler gambling games are now making progress. As a Chinese acquaintance lately put it: "The Chinese have now taken to Paoer, and Europeans to Mah Jongg." Chinese do not generally use the "Flowers"; they say it makes the game too complicated. When buying a set in Kiukiang a few days ago, I had to ask the workman to make me extra tiles with the flowers, as these are not included in a regular Chinese set. No. 1 "Bamboo" has a bird on it, which is supposed to represent a sparrow, and from this Mah Jongg takes its name. Mah Choh, or Sparrow, is, indeed, one of the names for Mah Jongg, but there are countless dialects in China, and the present variation has caught on and become the popular name. The bone tops of the tiles are made from

the shin bones of cattle, and there is quite a large export of the leg bones of cattle from America to China, solely for use by Mah Jongg factories. In Kiukiang one can purchase a very fair set for five dollars, viz., 12s. 6d. and 25s. It will, therefore, be seen that English dealers must be making substantial profits over the sale of Mah Jongg sets.—"FLEUR-DE-LYS."

THOMAS BOOTHBY AND THE QUORN.

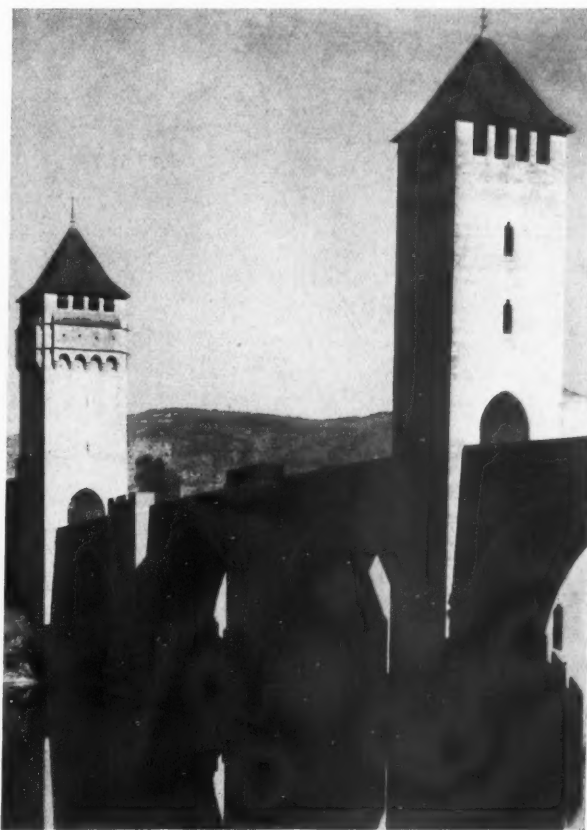
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the letter from Colonel G. M. Boothby in COUNTRY LIFE of March 1st on the subject of Thomas Boothby and the Quorn, there are two small mistakes. The names given as "the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Pym" should be Augustus Byron, and the hunting songs and sport by Mr. "Clanworth Martin" should be Mrs. Chaworth-Musters.—K. SHERROOKE.

A FAMOUS FORTIFIED BRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a picture of the Pont Valentré at Cahors. It is considered the finest example in France of the fortified bridge of the Middle Ages. With its six arches and three towers it spans the swift-flowing stream of the Lot and formed one of the few entrances to the city of Cahors, which that river almost encircles. It was first projected in the middle of the



PONT VALENTRE, CAHORS.

thirteenth century, but sixty years elapsed before a stone was laid. The building was actually begun in June, 1308, and the bridge, with some modern restoration, remains a fine example of the style of the period. There are three towers, of which the illustration shows the two inner, i.e., nearer to the city. The towers at either end of the bridge were strengthened with overhanging battlements and machicolations; the central tower is plain and slightly less tall than the others. The vaults of the arches through which the roadway passes were provided with openings for hurling down those heavy objects upon which defenders of a mediæval fortress so often relied. The towers at either end were connected with their respective shores by outer fortifications, that away from the town by a barbican ending on land with gates opening to right and left, one up and one down stream. These, and, in fact,

all the openings of the bridge, were closed with portcullis and massive gates; the huge irons on which the gates at the town end of the bridge swung may still be seen. Each pier is continued up-stream in a pointed buttress breaking the current, the heads of the buttresses providing places of refuge for foot passengers—in the Middle Ages it may have been from a passing squadron of men-at-arms or a cavalcade of loaded mules on the great trade route which passed through Cahors.—M. O. DELL.

RABBIT-PROOF PLANTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In answer to recent correspondence in your columns as regards the quickest growing shrubs immune from the attacks of hares and rabbits, I would strongly recommend the common Rhododendron ponticum for peat and leaf mould soils, also our native box, mentioned by Mr. William Robinson. For cheapness and quickness of growth the rhododendron can hardly be excelled: in congenial soils it will average 1 ft. growth per year after establishment, and will amply repay for all labour in the effort to provide shelter. In process of planting it is well to remember that planting them close together does not ensure a close undergrowth: in fact the very opposite is the result. Close planting, from the standpoint of shelter, is a fallacy, and yet, how many are guilty of it. To plant an acre of ground 3 ft. apart each way, 6,969 plants are required, so that, apart from the failure to provide the full shelter we aim at, close planting is also a very costly practice; anywhere from three to six feet is close enough. Like ourselves, the plants want breathing room, and a well developed shrub is much better than three or four badly grown. If any of the shrubs should grow a bit lanky after they have been planted a year, this can be obviated by cutting out a few of the shoots during April, which will excite fresh root action and cause strong, sturdy growths to spring from the base. If Colonel E. P. Le Breton requires further information as to useful shrubs for food and shelter, I shall be glad to hear further from him.—ARTHUR SANDERSON EMBLIN.

RUGS ON PARQUET FLOOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers suggest methods for preventing rugs and mats from slipping about on a parquet floor.—H. G.

[The remedy is to fix non-slip felt on to the underside of the mat, or else a layer of thin india-rubber.—ED.]

BRITISH AGRICULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You put the matter in a nutshell in your sentence, "What we want is to teach the young farmer to grow the greatest possible quantity of food at the lowest possible cost." But if we endeavour to effect this by State regulation, there is surely much to be said for the Labour corollary, that the farmer who fails to raise sufficient produce, and thus makes inadequate use of the land in his charge, should be liable to displacement. No general improvement is otherwise possible in the effectiveness of our agriculture. It was estimated by a competent authority fifty years ago that with proper scientific cultivation (as, for instance, in Belgium), the United Kingdom could produce home-grown food for at least 37,000,000 inhabitants, instead of about 17,000,000. Why cannot British farming be brought up to date? And when will our farmers learn to practise modern scientific methods, instead of going, in the mass, by the old rule of thumb? It is to be feared that in too many cases owners and tenants between them make inadequate use of, or even misuse, the land committed to their charge, which, after all, is a national asset. This cannot go on for ever.—LOWTHER BRIDGER.

CATCHING EELS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During spring and summer the eels stay at home to feed, with an occasional excursion across the meadows in search of slugs. In winter they bury themselves deep in river mud. But in late autumn the older ones make for the sea for breeding purposes, and can readily be trapped as they run, by those who have access to a stretch of river. The movements of the eels are easily foreseen. They never move in moonlight or in frosty weather. A dark, windy night, when fresh water is coming down the river after a heavy rain or thunderstorm, exactly suits them, and between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. the "run" takes place. In preparation for the catch, watchers have fixed gratings across the stream, and with lanterns and rakes await their prey. Bolts are drawn in sluices, and the water thunders through, bringing great bunches of eels, which are deftly raked up into large baskets, to be presently transferred to a large storage well. The "run" may continue for several nights, and the weight of the catch some total hundredweights. Afterwards, the slimy, wriggling masses are boxed and despatched to the London markets. Other methods of taking eels are sometimes practised. Bunches of worms let down into the water, baited wire or wicker eel-traps, rod and line, and occasionally the handy "spear," account for many. In the spring, young eels—known as "elvers"—drift back from the sea when two or three years old. At this stage they are tiny and thin as pencils, but soon begin to put on fat. To skin an eel, make an incision round its neck, then grasp the head with a rough cloth in the one hand, and, with the other, pull the skin off. Eels are in season all the year round, but at their best just after Christmas. They may be broiled, stewed, or fried. Each method has its advocates. But, for the majority, perhaps, eel-pie still holds the field.—MARTIN DRAX.

A HOLIDAY HOME WANTED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Shaftesbury Society's Russell-Cotes Home for Children, Parkstone, is about to be applied to its original purpose as a residential school for anæmic and debilitated children from Greater London, and will no longer, as during the past two seasons, be available for holiday uses for our mission and cripple children. The Society needs another home or, better still, a suitable field with hutments for parties, say, of eighty children and staff, not far from the sea, on the Essex, Kent or Sussex coast. It will be of real service if any of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE can put us on the right scent, and better still if some generous offer were forthcoming that would help us in this excellent form of social kindness. We have had offers in recent years of fine houses and grounds in Scotland and Lancashire, but, alas, these were too far distant for our use. There must be someone in the Home Counties equally big-hearted. Who is it, I wonder?—ARTHUR BLACK, General Secretary.

ARABS AS JUMPERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In view of the indifferent reputation held by the Arab horses as jumpers, I enclose a



AN ARAB PONY'S JUMP.

photograph of British Warrant Officer Paget, 7th Dragoon Guards, attached Palestine Gendarmerie, jumping a brush fence 4ft. 6ins. high on a 13.1 Arab pony.—H. BEWSHER.

ANCIENT OAKS IN KENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In my article on this subject which appeared in your issue of March 1st, page 333, a comparison was made as regards the appearance

of Bears Oak in Penshurst Park as depicted by Strutt in his "Sylvia Britannica" in 1822, and its condition as observed in November, 1923, or 101 years later. The photographs which I now enclose show that very little change has taken place in the century. One limb disappeared in a storm about 1832, and the other branches and the top of the tree have been somewhat broken in the years that have elapsed since. There appears to be no increase in the girth of the trunk, the hole in the side of which has been enlarged to some extent.—AUGUSTINE HENRY.

GOLDFISH AND CARP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue for February 23rd, as to goldfish, I have been breeding them in my artificial pond in North London for a good many years; but mine do not begin to turn gold until, generally, the third year; not in six months as you suggest. I have now fish in all stages, from seven or eight years old, which are, perhaps, five inches long and of a real gold colour, down to those spawned this year, perhaps an inch long. I suggest Miss Gould would be well advised to put a bundle of pea sticks into her pond, as this enables the tiny fish to protect themselves from the voracious appetites of their parents. Previous to doing this I used to get some hundreds of small fish each year, all of which disappeared, I am told being eaten by the larger ones; but now I have, as I have said, all sizes.—GEO. MONRO.

THATCHED COTTAGES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read with interest the letter on thatching from your lady correspondent in COUNTRY LIFE of February 16th. I quite agree that many hideous houses and cottages, roofed with "bright pink slabs" have sprung up. But thatch, notwithstanding its useful points and the beauty of it, is a most dangerous roofing; for one spark from a traction engine, or a neighbouring chimney, or a chance match, will set light to it in a moment. It is not very pleasant to be turned out of one's home into the road on a shivering winter's night to watch most of your belongings burn to ashes. A friend of mine, motoring through Dorset lately, passed through a village street of what had been thatched cottages, all devastated by fire caused by a spark from a passing traction engine.—R. L. TAYLOR.

DRIED FLIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Recently, in comparing the various rations recommended by various firms for feeding poultry, I found that dried flies form a considerable portion of nearly all of them. It struck me that this pointed to a new industry. Immense quantities of dried flies must be utilised in this way, and I should be very much obliged if you or any of your readers could tell me where the dead flies are found and where prepared for the market.—ENQUIRER.



As depicted by Strutt in 1822.



As photographed in December, 1923.

THE BEARS OAK, PENSURST.

EPINARD AND SIR GALAHAD III

DOINGS IN NATIONAL HUNT RACING.

EPINARD has been excused a visit to Lincoln towards the end of this month at a time, as a rule, when its racecourse on the chill and bleak Carholme is scarcely the resort for refined and delicate individuals, both human and equine. The distinguished foreigner was scratched last week immediately his veteran trainer, Eugene Leigh, told Mr. Pierre Wertheimer that owing to continued hard weather it would be quite impossible for him to produce Epinard as a fit and properly trained horse. It was inconceivable that he would be allowed to run under lost, unless those concerned could be sure that the horse was at his best and so able to maintain his big reputation. This has been the writer's view and has been expressed with some confidence in these notes from week to week. The scratching surprised few, and I do not think that the bookmakers have won much money from incautious and most imprudent backers. Indeed, the layers would have much preferred the horse to have remained in the race for another couple of weeks or so.

With Epinard officially dead so far as the Lincolnshire Handicap is concerned, we have another French horse installed as favourite. The fact points to the strength of racing on the other side of the Channel and the tonic effect on their owners and trainers of such notable successes in England last year as were Epinard, and Rose Prince when he won the Cesarewitch. It is perfectly obvious that either they hold the entry for the Lincolnshire Handicap in some contempt or they have a most exalted idea of the capacity of Sir Galahad III. There is something in both notions. It seems to me that the strength of the entry is much affected by the fact of Epinard's presence having kept the weights down. Thus the majority have such light imposts that strong jockeys will not be able to ride because of being unable to get down to the weights. Many, therefore, will go to the post ridden by small boys, and in nine cases out of ten such boys do not prevail, though the winner last year, White Bud, had a light weight and was the mount of a little known apprentice named Beasley, who subsequently came into some prominence, particularly in the North.

Now, as to the individual merits of Sir Galahad III there is no manner of doubt—in the opinion of his many French admirers! They believe he is so good by comparison with the public form of the English horses as to have a substantial amount in hand on the handicap. That, they argue, leaves a margin for any loss of form inflicted by the crossing to England. Some years ago the French horse Ob twice won the Lincolnshire Handicap, and they reckon Sir Galahad III of considerably higher class. It may be argued that if they could not get Epinard fit because of bad weather conditions in France, how can they succeed with this horse? An obvious answer is that some horses require lighter preparations than others. I do not know whether Sir Galahad III is one to come within that category, but I was assured when in France the other day that the horse was fit enough to run three weeks ago and that no horse will be in better physical condition.

They are, indeed, most enthusiastic about him, and should all go well his starting price will not be a long one. His jockey will be Frank O'Neill, who is quite well aware that the horse may be troublesome at the post, and that on more than one occasion he has shown queerish temper in an actual race. Better, therefore, to have the knowledge rather than be caught unawares. I do not say that such a horse is a perfectly ideal candidate. The ideal candidate is surely the horse about which there are no doubts—credentials, training, riding and temperament. The doubt here is one of temperament, but in the case of a first appearance in a new season there is some chance of its being overcome. O'Neill is a big and chunky fellow to do the weight of 8st. 5lb., and he will have to undergo some rigorous preliminaries in order to get down to it. In France the weights generally are on a higher scale than in this country, which is why the jockeys seem so much heavier than ours. The two Americans, O'Neill and McGee, who have so long ridden successfully in France, seldom have to ride below about 8st. 9lb.

Beyond these references to the Lincolnshire Handicap it is unnecessary to-day to enter into any further discussion on the race. It will be more profitable to wait awhile. For the moment it is, perhaps, more useful to turn to National Hunt matters, with some special reference to events of last week-end's meeting at Gatwick. It was a capital meeting in most respects, except to admirers of Silvo for the Grand National. He was here as the chief participant in a three mile and a quarter affair called the National Trial Handicap Steeplechase. He had a big weight, but faith in his ability to win was unbounded, and especially so with the general public, who believe in sticking to a consistent winner until he is beaten. Now, Silvo had been steadily piling up a winning sequence, the most notable of his deeds being when he won the Grand Sefton Steeplechase last November in great style from Superman. It was natural that his pretensions to win the coming Grand National had been conceded all round, and they most certainly had been in the case of the writer.

Great, therefore, was the shock and disappointment when he was seen to disappear at the third fence in this Gatwick race.

Silvo and his jockey (Tony Escott) were not hurt. The one went on with his freedom, and the other engaged in the undignified walk back to the stands. He afterwards declared that the fall was not the horse's fault, at least, not entirely so, as he had jumped into a "V" caused by two other horses on either side of him jumping towards each other when they took off. Thus Silvo was practically "blinded" and so came to grief. Strictly speaking his Grand National prospects should not be worse than they were before the race, but that they are shaken a bit is certain. The fall unnerves some of his admirers as it might, conceivably, unnerve the horse for jumping. The probability is that it may do nothing of the sort, but on the other hand make him more careful in future.

It would have been most interesting to have him stand up throughout. Assuming, as the betting suggested, that he would have won, then we should have had him as a very decided favourite for the Grand National. The winner came along in Lord Woolavington's Eureka II, who scrambled home from Mr. Bankier's Superman. The latter died out close home, probably because of being short of a gallop or two, and for the reason that he was shaken through not meeting the last fence quite properly. I regard him as a very live candidate, indeed, for Liverpool, not only on his performances, but because he has fine size, his stamina is probably all right, and he certainly can jump most efficiently.

In Eureka II Lord Woolavington has found a horse to take the place of the ill-fated Southampton, killed a little while ago at Newbury, and who may quite likely succeed in doing what Southampton failed to do on the occasion when he went out favourite for the "National" two years ago and fell at the first fence. Lord Woolavington paid a big sum for Southampton in the belief that he might win him the Grand National. Eureka II cost nothing like so much, but still he was not entirely given away by the Irishman who had him. This horse has been steadily on the up-grade, and I should call him a finished jumper in every sense. As between him and Superman it will be a near thing at Liverpool, assuming that both are able to survive to the end. Meanwhile they might meet before then. Mr. Bankier's horse, it is said with some authority, will next be seen out in the long distance steeplechase at Hurst Park. I rather expected Hawker to do a bit better after Silvo fell. This Irish horse travelled well for a long way, but he had too much weight or he would not have tired as he did, leaving Chin Chin to go on and take third place.

Possibly Fariray is the best of the season's newcomers to steeplechasing. I wrote at the time that he was most unlucky in his first race over fences, which took place some time ago at Hurst Park. He was then beaten a head and a neck by Mitchells and Le Cellier. It was the New Century Steeplechase, for which the winner was disqualified through incorrect registration of ownership. At Gatwick Fariray and Mitchells met again, and though the latter slightly led over the last fence after a fine display of jumping on the part of both of them, Fariray just went right away from that fence, profiting by his superior speed to win easily. He is an aged horse by Fariman, and his trainer in this country had him as a first-class hurdler before introducing him to the more serious obstacles. I did not quite like seeing him run in blinkers, but on the whole one would expect him to go on to better deeds when he comes to emerge, as he will have to do in time, from the maiden class.

During the coming week the very important National Hunt Meeting is due to take place at Cheltenham, and I gladly accede to the request of Mr. Cathcart, head of the managing firm of Messrs. Pratt, to make known in COUNTRY LIFE a few of the facts that go to make this by far the most remarkable meeting held under National Hunt rules. In the first place it is the annual festival of the National Hunt, and, socially, it takes a big place in the West Country. Then the prize money distributed is really quite astonishingly big, totalling, as it does, for this occasion, £9,447, made up of one race of £1,595, three of £1,000 each, one of £652, five of £500 each, one of £300, and seven of £200 each. Eighteen of them are run over a distance of three miles or upwards.

It is the long steeplechase, ensuring the prolonged spectacle that the public like, which makes Cheltenham the most sporting of race meetings. The National Hunt Steeplechase is the most sporting event of all. It is most generously endowed, and invariably brings a big field to the post, with horses competing that never have won a race and with jockeys riding who, for the most part, are comparatively new to race riding over fences. The course is a mixture of made fences and point-to-point conditions, the combination being made to blend most perfectly. Two years ago the event was won by Conjuror II, the horse that has such an obviously big chance of winning the Grand National this year. One may doubt whether there is one in the entry now as good as Conjuror II was then. At any rate let us hope so, for it is from such an event as this that we expect steeplechasing to be fed and to flourish. One naturally hopes for good weather, good horses and good sport.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

BUYING BEFORE THE AUCTION

BETTER evidence of the inherent strength of the Estate Market cannot be desired than the large number of transactions effected before the dates arranged for the auction of properties. Some such buying is, of course, on behalf of tenants who cannot afford the risk of being dispossessed of their holdings, but much of it, and very substantial in volume, is attributable to the confidence felt by prospective purchasers that they will meet with fair treatment at the hands of the vendors' agents and that a good thing is worth a fair price, which they are prepared to pay.

Messrs. Knight Frank and Rutley have sold a block of the Mountblairy estate, Banffshire, extending to about 1,100 acres, and consisting of some 340 acres of woods and agricultural land. The remainder of the estate including Mountblairy House, the home farm, and salmon fishing in the river Deveron, will shortly be offered for sale by auction, unless sold previously.

46,530 ACRES OF SCOTTISH LAND.

THE Marquis of Northampton, as mentioned last week, is about to sell his Lochluichart estate. The property, in picturesque Highland scenery, marches with the well known sporting estates of Braemore, Strathvaich, Loch Rosque, Strathconan and Fannich. It extends to about 30,000 acres, of which over 20,000 acres are deer forest, the rest of it being a capital grouse moor, south of Loch Luichart. There is salmon and trout fishing as well.

Mr. J. C. Stewart of Kinlochmoidart, disposing of his Inverness-shire estates of Kinlochmoidart and Glenmoidart, has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer about 15,000 acres, including a deer forest and salmon and sea trout fishing in the Moidart. The property is in the Prince Charlie country.

Cairnbulg Mains farm, 429 acres, on the Cairnbulg estate, Aberdeenshire, has been sold.

Shottersley, the residence of Sir Arthur Lowes Dickinson, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley (in conjunction with Messrs. Bridger and Son) shortly.

Penn Wood House, Amersham, is for sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Swannell and Sly.

Blythe Hall and the remaining 1,650 acres of the Lathom estates will be sold next Tuesday, at Ormskirk.

Mr. W. Russell Rea, M.P., has decided to dispose of his Hampshire residence, Ditcham Park, near Petersfield, with 283 acres of park and woodland, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer it in the summer (in conjunction with Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor).

Mr. Claude J. Goldsmid Montefiore intends to part with his Coldeast estate of 318 acres at Sarisbury Green, including Coldeast and some of the best strawberry-growing land in the county. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will offer it in the spring. They are also, in conjunction with M. Rene Retif of Boulogne-sur-Mer, to sell there on April 14th, in lots, six furnished French villas, close to the Casino, four of the houses with possession.

BATTLE ABBEY ESTATES.

NEXT Tuesday at Battle the outlying portions of the late Sir Augustus Webster's Battle Abbey estates, nearly four square miles, much of it suitable for development, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Hampton and Sons at Battle. This sale, as regards some parts of the property, could no doubt have been successfully conducted in the firm's auction hall at St. James's Square, but the convenience of buyers, especially of the less important lots, is more fully met by holding the auction on the spot. As originally drafted, there are seventy-three separate lots in the particulars, but it will occasion no surprise if some of these are found to have been snapped up in advance of the public proceedings. There are twenty-one dairy farms and the Battle fruit farms, and many houses and cottages and other properties, in or on the outskirts of the old Sussex centre, as well as 800 acres of woodland in five lots.

Haslemere property, known as Four Firs, Shottermill, a cottage type of house with 3 acres, was to have been offered last Wednesday,

but changed hands privately beforehand through Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners.

Plaitford Rectory, Hants, has been sold since the auction by Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey.

Grendon Court, 300 acres, at Bromyard; and Beech Hill House, Warbleton, Heathfield, a restored William and Mary residence with 176 acres, have been sold by Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin, the vendor's agents regarding the latter estate being also Messrs. Garland-Smith and Co.

TOWN AND OTHER HOUSES.

THE late Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, Fellow of Trinity College and Librarian of Cambridge University from 1889 until his death last autumn, lived in Southmead, Chaucer Road, and the house nestling in grounds which fully reflected the owner's enthusiasm for gardening and his love of birds, has been offered by auction this week locally by Messrs. Hockey and Son, who are to sell some of the contents of the house next week.

The late Dowager Countess of Hardwicke resided at No. 8, York Terrace, Regent's Park, a residence which has just changed hands through the agency of Messrs. Samuel B. Clark and Son, who have also sold the trust lease of a very finely fitted town house, No. 12, Hallam Street, Portland Place, in conjunction with Messrs. Collins and Collins; and, jointly with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, the trust lease of the Willett-built mansion of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, No. 15, Devonshire Street, Portland Place.

The freehold premises, 7, Mandeville Place, W., have been disposed of by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Dibblin and Smith.

The sixth sale in a few months of houses in the South Hampstead area of Willett-built houses, known as Eton Avenue, has just been notified to us by Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, whose transactions in the last few days include, in addition, the sale of houses on the Bedford estate in Gower Street, houses in St. John's Wood and other districts.

The Dowager Lady Waterlow has again let No. 29, Chesham Place to Sir Ali Iman, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The firm has also let No. 9, Grosvenor Street, for the coming season, to Lord Barnby.

CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE MAISONNETTES.

CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, that most exclusive residential quarter, is now undergoing, in some houses, conversion into maisonnettes and flats. No. 8, which overlooks the Mall, has been sold by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, on behalf of Lord Brownlow, and is being converted into three imposing maisonnettes, probably the finest in London, special care having been taken to retain as far as possible the characteristics of the original magnificent reception accommodation. These are to be let at rentals up to £2,000 a year with premiums of £2,000, thus, to a large extent, preserving the exclusiveness of the locality. Nos. 19 and 20 have recently been converted.

No. 12, Carlton House Terrace has been sold by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons in conjunction with Messrs. Collins and Collins.

Sir Ernest George was the architect of the South Kensington house, No. 26, Harrington Gardens, now for sale by Messrs. Weatherall and Green, for 7,000 guineas. To anyone of taste and the requisite means the house should appeal not merely for its originality and beauty, but because the vendor has lavished money on its perfection. The lease is a long one at a low ground rent, and the accommodation ample for a large family and for entertaining.

Messrs. Battam and Heywood have received instructions to offer a fine old Georgian residence, No. 17, Wimpole Street, by auction on March 18th or privately before that date. This house was recently modernised and redecorated at considerable expense.

TWO FIRST-RATE FURNITURE SALES.

NEAR Abinger is Frobury Manor, on a spur of Leith Hill, to be submitted to auction on March 20th, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. A few days later the dispersal of the contents of the residence will take place, on the premises, including Jacobean, Queen Anne and other old English and Italian

tables, cabinets, bookcases, chairs, settees, mirrors; paintings attributed to Baptiste, Hondekoeter, Lely and others; English and Oriental porcelain; Persian, Wilton and Axminster carpets and rugs; a library of general literature; and bedroom suites in black lacquer, Wedgwood grey and mahogany.

Colonel Hopkins has requested the same firm to sell the contents of The Hayes, Kenley, Surrey. There also are Jacobean, Cromwellian, William and Mary and Queen Anne oak and walnut dower chests, buffets, court cupboards, gate-leg tables and dressers; long-case clocks; two important Chippendale bookcases; a Carlton writing table; an old eight-fold incised lacquer screen; Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton serpentine front commodes, chairs, settees, stools, sideboards, tables, wig stands, carved mirrors; a collection of old English *papier mâché* and Chinese black and gold lacquer furniture; a red leather and lacquer chest "P. R. 1661," formerly the property of the Princess Royal, daughter of Charles I; Spode and other old English jugs; Chinese *famille rose* and *famille verte*, Nankin, blue and white, and powder blue porcelain in figures, vases, beakers, dishes, etc.; old English and Waterford cut glass; old sporting prints in colour, after Garrard, Gilpin, Herring, Hunt, Hall and Stubbs; coloured proof etchings by Camille Fonce; Chinese glass pictures; brasswork; bronzes; a collection of African and Indian weapons and trophies; a library of miscellaneous literature (upwards of 1,000 volumes) and sporting and colour-plate books, including Ackermann's "Microcosm of London," Ackermann's "Cambridge University," William's "Oriental Field Sports" (folio), Tod's "Rajasthan" (the original edition), La Fontaine's "Contes et Nouvelles" (calf, 1764), Smollett's works, Jameson's "Beauties of the Court of Charles II" (coloured plates in portfolio, 1833), Kipling's Bombay edition (twenty-five vols.), cloth, and Macquoid's "English Furniture" (four vols.).

DEMAND FOR RESIDENTIAL SITES.

FOLLOWING their very successful sale of Iford land at Pokesdown Hill, Bournemouth, announced in these columns last week, Messrs. Fox and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks, have just sold all the remaining land, 125 acres, on the Ferndown Manor estate, New Milton, for £10,225. Thus Messrs. Fox and Sons register a rather remarkable achievement, the ninth consecutive auction of very large areas of building land at which, in sites of varying dimensions from those for a single house up to those affording room for a "garden suburb," every lot has changed hands. The effective commentary on the transactions is that building of good houses has already taken place on some of the land within a few months of its sale.

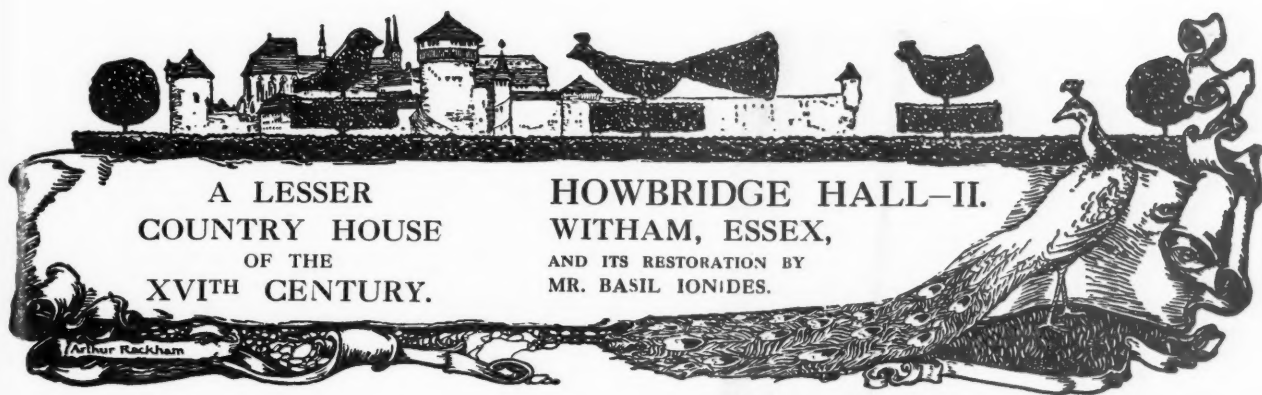
COTSWOLD HOUSES.

STARDENS, Gloucestershire, in the centre of the Ledbury Hunt and formerly the country seat of a well known Gloucestershire sportsman, Richard Foley Onslow, is for sale by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. by direction of the trustees of the late Colonel W. F. N. Noel, on May 10th. With the residence will be sold about 50 acres of land, thus affording the opportunity of purchase of a fine house with a moderate area in a district noted for sport and natural beauties.

The Hawthorns, a residential property at Hanley Swan, Worcestershire, between Upton-on-Severn and Malvern, has been sold by private contract by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., completing the disposal of the estate which they offered by auction last year. Other private sales effected recently by the firm include a residential property known as Merton Lodge at Stonehouse, Gloucestershire; another, Highfield at Newnham-on-Severn, a dairy farm of 33 acres near Gloucester, and shop premises at Gloucester. By auction they have just sold twenty-two dwelling-houses the property of the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester.

Among country estates to be offered by auction by them during the coming spring is Quedgeley Court, a modern, well fitted house on high ground near Gloucester with particularly attractive grounds of 15 acres, good opportunities for hunting and golf and with vacant possession.

ARBITER.



OF the lineage of Howbridge Hall, its last redemption from an ill condition, and its present rehabilitation, something was said in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for February 23rd. Our remaining concern is chiefly with the rooms upstairs and the garden setting of the house. But before going up to the first floor, a few notes of detail must be given. One is, that bell pulls are fitted in all the rooms and all are of old needlework. Those in the dining-room are Queen Anne *petit-point*, while the rest are of Victorian cross-stitch. Such pull bells have character. They tell who is pulling and in what temper they pull.

Behind the hall was a large scullery with a lean-to roof. This roof was raised and a small library formed, an arch leading into it from the hall and a large round-topped window giving light. The walls are lined from floor to ceiling with bookshelves, which are surmounted by a heavy cornice. The woodwork is all stained grained mahogany picked out in gilt, the floor is of composition, and the ceiling is dark blue sprinkled with gold stars. Behind the books the wall is papered with that Italian paper which is so charming for book ends, etc., and which here makes a most delightful background for the books, each section being different in pattern.

Also opening out of the hall is a small cloakroom, leading on to a garden room full of shelves for flower vases, hooks for baskets and nests of drawers for seeds, etc. The cloakroom has been papered with old costume prints of the eighteenth century, depicting the dresses of all nations.

The existing balusters to the staircase were square and dull, so these were replaced by the Georgian ones bought, a rail or half-rail with balusters or half-balusters being run up on either side of the stairs, and the whole painted ivory against white-washed walls. Some cupboards encumbered the top of the stairs, so these were removed and a roomy landing was thus made. On this landing is a relic of the old original work, in the form of a built-in livery cupboard with another for eatables over it. These cupboards are of oak with turned balusters of walnut.

There were seven bedrooms: there are now five and a bathroom. The centre bedroom is the old chief room of the house and it is panelled in oak, while over the Tudor fireplace is a coat of arms with supporters and strapwork in plaster. The arms are those of the Jenour family and definitely date the rebuilding



THE STAIRCASE.

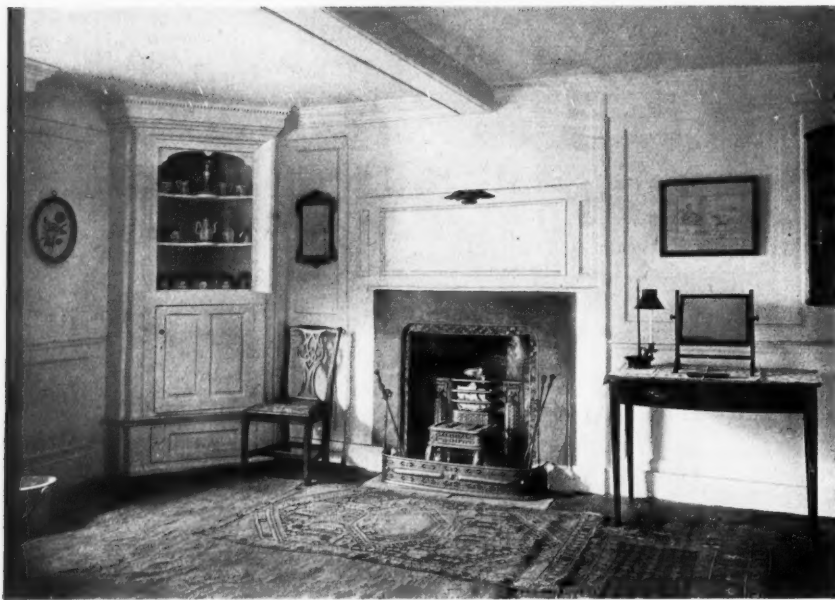
of the house to about 1550. There is a cupboard in the room, and around its door had been pasted some wallpaper of the mid-sixteenth century. It is printed in printers' ink, black on a white ground. In one panel of the design is a crowned bird holding a branch, in another is a vase of conventional roses, etc.

One bedroom has been panelled with the Georgian panelling brought from elsewhere, and has been painted white, with recesses for Nankin blue china, lined with pale mauve marbling. This room has blue silk hangings lined with yellow to the window and to the very large gilt-corniced Chippendale bed. The fireplace surround, of old dove-grey marble, encloses Spanish tiles of bright colouring, and the fender, etc., are of steel to harmonise with the marble.

Another bedroom has wallpaper dating from about 1820 to 1830. It was not in the house when Mrs. Ionides acquired the property, but was brought and put up as being suited to an old country house. It is very bright and multi-coloured, and creates a most cheerful room. In time it is hoped that the furniture may be also of this period. The large fireplace has been lined with terrazzo, which is black flaked with mother-o'-pearl, and black horn finger-plates, knobs, etc., inlaid with pearl,



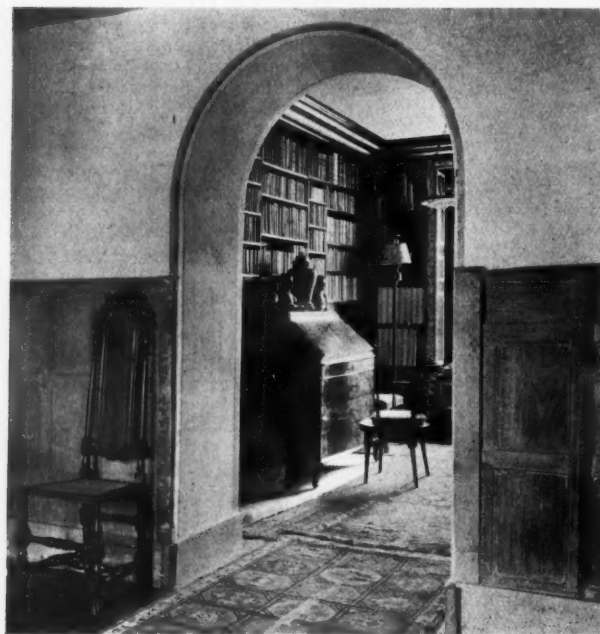
IN THE PRINCIPAL BEDROOM.



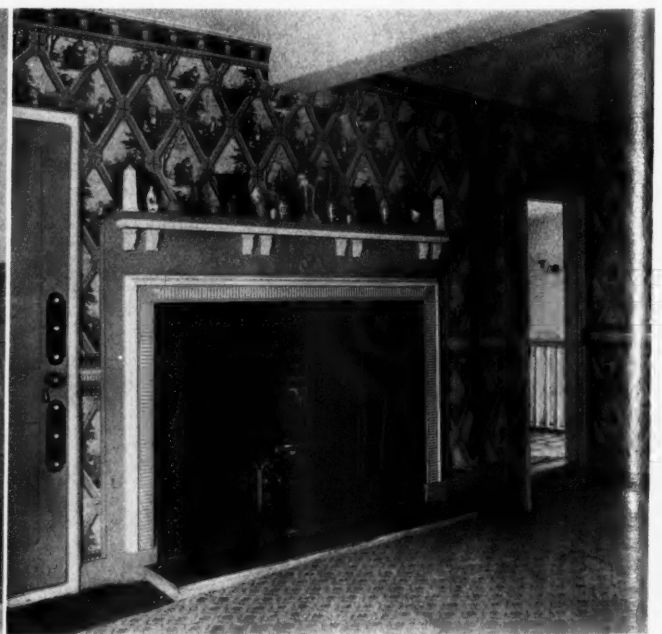
BEDROOM WITH GEORGIAN PANELLING.



BEDROOM WITH WALLS COVERED BY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PRINTS.



FROM HALL TO LIBRARY.



BEDROOM WITH EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY PAPER.

have been put on the doors, which are painted buff, with white lines.

The next room, which is large for a small house, is unexpectedly successful. It has walls covered with eighteenth-century prints of all sizes put on in the manner of a scrap screen, but all brown. These are framed into large panels with a black and green paper border and with stiles of yellow. The woodwork is yellow, and the furniture, bed included, of that amusing sham bamboo variety that was popular about 1790, also yellow.

The old garden had disappeared, but some fine old trees remained, and the old stew pond, too, though drained. The pond has been re-filled and, being 200ft. by 100ft., makes a charming feature, which will be still pleasanter when the yew hedge planted around it has grown. In front of the house a large lawn is being made, and at the back a small courtyard with flower beds around it—all very simple, as it seems desirable to get away from the conscious gardening of to-day and, near an old house such as this is, to have a garden that might be there by accident, not deliberately thought-out.

A loggia looks into the courtyard. It is captivating, but a little too sophisticated for the house. Its walls are silvered and have large old Chinese figures on them. At the back is a fine gold Japanese screen, while the furniture, of a bright blue, is Chinese in feeling.

All this sounds very wrong near a Tudor house, but somehow it seems in actuality to blend quite well, as it appears among the flowers and foliage, which soften it, and not against the house itself.

Although recently restored by Mr. Ionides to the smallest detail, there is a feeling of continuity about the house, and this may possibly be due to the fact that nothing new has been used in the restoration. Finger-plates were needed—then old ones were used. Old tiles in the grates, old bell pulls, old door handles, hinges, etc., were used, and all the woodwork used was old. A few old windows were bought and used, also some old stonework. It is only in a house that is for oneself that this can be done, as no one could have the patience to collect all these details for another; but for oneself it is worth while, as this house shows.

R. S.

SHOOTING NOTES

WAR ON WOODPIGEONS.

IN one of the most beautiful and irregular parts of England there lies a large estate infested with woodpigeons, which devour the springing crops of the farmers. Both the noble owner and his wife are ardent and crack shots, alike with gun and rifle. Towards the end of January, after the last "big shoot," the tenants unanimously made plaint to their lord about the profusion and devastation of the "quice." "Indeed, my Lord, we'm ate up wi' 'em." Lord Somshire took counsel with his head-keeper, Donald MacSaundy, and forthwith there was drawn up the plan of campaign for an organised quist-quelling, to be prosecuted rigorously upon most methodical lines throughout the month of February. Let us take a bird's-eye view of the seat of war. On high, is a range of tree-clad hills, embowering the lofty placed castle; then, to the westward, a fine old park; lower still, meadows and cultivated fields, with small coverts dotted about; below all, a grand river; across that, the same scene repeated, in reverse—tillage and pasture, belts of woodland, stately park, timbered heights. Duly appointed generalissimo, MacSaundy, with true Scottish tact and courtesy, issued his orders, or respectful compliments, or fraternal greetings (according to the rank or position of the recipient) to neighbouring gentlemen, sporting tradespeople, farmers, tenants and not too distant keepers. Throughout the month, at least, on each Monday and Thursday, as many guns as possible were to be diversely stationed over an area of several thousands of acres.

Here and there, on the hill at headquarters, in and beside every covert and spinney, north and south, and westward to the summit of the opposite slope, a gun was posted from three o'clock until six. There was no formal parade, no alignment, no marshalling of units. It was just "Fall in." Every man, well provided with cartridges, walked quietly to his allotted stand. Lord Somshire had his station in the plantations above and behind the castle; Lady Somshire, hers in the shrubberies below her very boudoir windows. All over the region of the seat of war watch and ward was faithfully kept. Soon after three o'clock the fusillade began. Casually, dropping shots reverberated on all sides. The home-coming pigeons could find neither rest nor quietude. Did they descend upon a normally undisturbed clump of beech or elm or coniferous trees, "Bang, bang!" went the unwelcome salute; off, hurriedly, to some other wonted haven. "Bang, bang!" again. And the more shooting, the better sport. The pigeons were their own beaters; kept on the wing, they were repeatedly shot at, and were brought down in more or less proportionate numbers to the powder burnt—the cartridges expended. While it lasted, sport was rare. Soon it became, in another sense, rare. At first, confidently enough, the pigeons swooped in by twos and threes, or in little flocks, settling in the trees and even cooing. Then there were pot-shots at birds swaying on the tops of high trees and fine sporting chances at flyers either approaching or crossing the gun. Sometimes the shots of the man at one end of the wood caused birds to dart hastily over the man at the other extremity. This sort of thing lasted for a few evenings, after which the birds became more and more wary, slinking into the woods so cautiously and silently that the gun under the ivy, holly or other canopy was often unaware of game nestling right over his head and within easy shot. By this time the best sport was obtained by lurking, well hidden and perfectly still, in a position that commanded the favourite approach of the quists, which, as the rooks came cawing homewards, scudded in, high overhead, giving the chance of a smart and difficult right and left. Then a long wait. Later, possibly, another couple of shots. During these waits powder was usefully burnt in the destruction of jay, magpie, hawk or other vermin.

The daily bag of each individual campaigner varied greatly, according to a number of diverse causes, not always under his control. On one occasion (it was the opening day) one gun killed sixteen pigeons with eighteen cartridges, never moving from his stand at the foot of a tall and large pine tree. Sometimes a man bagged three or four in an evening, while occasionally a gun would fire without killing or would not discharge his piece at all. One man, most favourably posted, killed ninety-five birds in ten days (number of cartridges expended not ascertained, but there was a fine pile of empty cases beside and around his stand). The grand total was never accurately recorded, as the gunners went away singly, each carrying his own slain. It was estimated that well nigh a thousand were picked up dead, not a few getting away mortally wounded. But even that large number of killed did not appear to lessen materially the hordes of quists that ravaged, and still do ravage, the district in question. But we have not quite finished with our details of the quist campaign.

During February and March the best sport (that is, the most productive shooting) was obtained by lying out. The weather was inclement and pigeon food was scarce. Daily, the birds resorted to patches of rape and of seeds. The gunner selected a field or fields, erected a screen, shelter, harbour or hidden retreat of poles, hurdles, branches, boughs and straw. This was placed in a commanding position under hedge or tree and in the usual daily noted line of flight of the quists. Here

the sportsman lay concealed for several hours with a rifle across his cold knees and a gun handily placed by his side. About the field he fixed a few decoys in the shape of simulated wood-pigeons. The birds soon became familiar with the appearance of the "hide," and fearlessly swooped into the field right over it. First they came in twos and threes, wheeling around (the gunner lying low, silent and unseen), then bunches of a dozen, and then, with a great whirring of wings, a very cloud of quists. Sometimes the gunner caught them on the wing as they topped the hedge. Leaving the dead where they fell—lures for their fellows—before long the process was repeated. Sometimes the flock came in silently, unobserved, or at a wrong angle for shooting. Then, letting them alight and proceed to feed, the sportsman got a pretty shot with the rifle, which was smartly exchanged for the gun, with which a brisk right and left was obtained as the birds rose and wheeled and darted away. It was fine sport, but short-lived. After a few days of this class of campaigning the pigeons became dædalian, and either came not or came out of range. In this way one man bagged no fewer than thirty in one long day, leaving his cold and cramped post in the field for his appointed one in covert.

CLIFFORD CORDLEY.

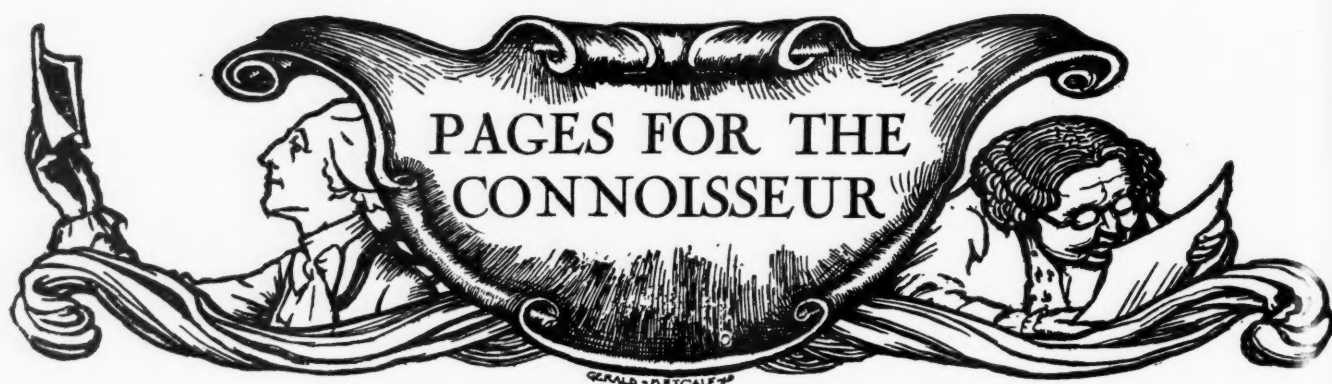
THE FIELD SPORTS AND GAME GUILD.

Under the chairmanship of Lord Aberdare a general meeting of the above society was held on Feb. 20th last at its London offices, 329, High Holborn. The annual accounts, showing cash balances of over £300, together with an invested reserve fund of £1,000, were passed, also the report of the committee. Representative delegates from most of the county societies voiced a desire that the various amalgamated societies should resume the activities which ceased as a result of the war. Private reports from several of these societies, more particularly the East Anglian, were to the effect that in consequence of the scarcity of the game egg supplies last season a considerable number of illicit collectors and dubious dealers in both pheasant and partridge eggs had emerged from a prolonged period of quiescence. Unless prompt and active measures were taken, this traffic would soon become a serious menace not only to those who produced supplies under orthodox conditions but also to the direct sufferers from these poaching practices. It was accordingly resolved that the affiliated societies should be requested to summon meetings with a view to concerted action. A substantial sum was allocated for the purpose of advertising approved game farm associates in the sporting Press. The honorary secretary reported that the circular letter issued last summer under the direction of the committee requesting assistance and donations for the purpose of contesting the proposed Rooks and Rabbits Bill and for the amendment of the new Rating Bill so far as it applies to the rating of sporting rights had met with satisfactory results, a special fund having thereby been gathered to promote these objects. Other questions having been raised and considered, the problem of game farm inspection received attention. Apparently, the arrangements which were suggested and approved last year have not been carried out, so, finally, it was agreed that Mr. Charles Row, secretary of the East Anglian Game Protection Society, and the honorary secretary should take measures to ensure that the pre-war system of inspection, as applied to associate game farmers, should be effectively restored.

N.R.A. GENERAL MEETING.

Major P. W. Richardson, M.P., presided at the Winter General Meeting of the National Rifle Association on the 29th ult., and, although faced with a situation needing constructive optimism, he rose manfully to the somewhat difficult occasion. In 1907 Major Richardson circulated a pamphlet dealing with rifle shooting as carried on at Bisley, in the course of which he dealt with every side of the association's activities, all in reference to the response made by the competitor. The keynote of his homily is sufficiently expressed by the following quotation: "We are suffering from a disease, and have been suffering from it for twenty years, though most of us do not feel it. We are suffering from an annually decreasing interest on the part of those whom we are supposed most to encourage." The whirligig of time has brought the author of this pamphlet into the position of vice-chairman—that is, into an office where he must treat the disease which he diagnosed seventeen years ago, the disease being by all indications chronic. From the new standpoint he sees a long life before the patient, and, while recognising the inevitableness of the causes which tend to pinch rifle shooting in its competition with all the other recreations of young manhood, he thinks they can be countered. Anyhow, there is so much to do and so much scope for doing it well that he is in no wise doubtful of success. With the revenue account still showing a deficit, he faces the prospect of a £20,000 expenditure on a new pavilion with business calm, and will doubtless attend personally to the financing of this ambitious but necessary scheme. The only other notable speech of the occasion was by Colonel Ffennell, patron of the Imperial Challenge Shield Competition, in the course of which he gave many interesting facts concerning this Boys-of-the-Empire rifle contest; but, as he failed to gauge the patience of his audience, some of his best points were lost amid a tangle of verbiage.

MAX BAKER.



FANS AND MINIATURES

IN the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on March 7th there are a number of the small luxurious accessories of eighteenth century society which evidently called for art, elegance and gaiety in their surroundings—miniatures, fans, watches and chatelaines. Among the miniatures is a fine example by George Engleheart of Frances, Lady Teynham, her hair tied by a blue ribbon, in a white muslin dress with a ruff-like up-standing collar; and two miniatures of Sir Richard Hotham (1723-1799), the founder of Bognor, once known as Hothampton. Sir Richard wears a gold-laced crimson waistcoat and a slate-coloured coat; his wife's portrait, who is in white, is signed "P. B." A gold-mounted tortoiseshell snuff-box is set with two portraits of that interesting figure, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the author of lively letters from the East and correspondent of Pope. Inside is set an enamel of her, inscribed name and the date 1690, and on the outside is her portrait as a young woman, wearing a yellow bodice and purple veil, inscribed with her name and the date of her death, 1762. There are also well-painted miniatures of Catherine II of Russia, the Duchess of An-caster (inscribed "D. N. R. pinxit 1774") and

sticks, painted in Vernus Martin, the leaf with a panel of a scriptural scene on a rich dark background, and on the reverse with two ladies and a gallant. Of two Louis XVI fans, one with ivory sticks and outers, carved, gilt and underlaid with mother-o'-pearl, is signed "J. Duval"; another, with engraved and gilt mother-o'-pearl sticks and outers, has the leaf painted with a panel and two medallions emblematic of music and gardening, and with two landscape medallions.

From another property is a beautiful fan, the ivory sticks painted on the one side with *chinoiserie* in gold and brilliant colours, and on the reverse with a group of children at play. The mount is painted in rose *camaiieu* with birds and a classic landscape, the border with grouped blue and white Chinese porcelain and figures, the reverse side painted with five panels after the Watteau style.

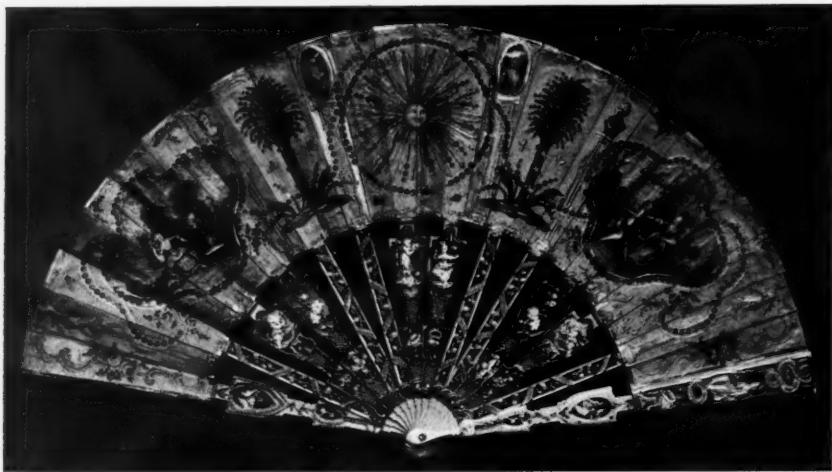
There are in the same sale two etuis, an article immensely popular in the eighteenth century in many materials, pinchbeck, gold or enamel. An etui, of which the pinchbeck case is engraved with arabesques and scroll-work, has the interior fitted with a small mirror and other toilet requisites; while a second, with gold-mounted shagreen case, is fitted

carving there are two examples: they are a fine mirror framed in carved limewood, carved in high relief with *putti*, flowers and acanthus foliage, which is attributed to Grinling Gibbons and comes from Belhus in Essex; and a chimneypiece in the English rococo style of the middle years of the eighteenth century. Here the lower stage is carved with flower festoons and scrolls, the moulded shelf being carved with dentils; while the pedimented upper stage is carved in the tympanum with a basket of flowers and on the sides with flower garlands. A late eighteenth century sideboard, bow fronted and inlaid, standing on square tapered legs, with side cupboard and a centre drawer, is also interesting from its small size, being only 56ins. wide. Among the glass in the same sale are three boat-shaped standing bowls of Irish manufacture, dating from the late eighteenth century. These are cut with shallow stars on trellis panels on the body; the rim is scalloped, the stem and base moulded.

On Wednesday, March 12th, the collection of porcelain formed by the late Mr. Frederick Symes Teesdale will be sold at Messrs. Christie's, including Chinese and Continental porcelain, also Worcester, Chelsea and Bow. Among the products of the Bow factory is a set of four vases and covers and a pair of beakers painted with birds in panels relieved against a mottled dark blue ground, with lake and gold scrollwork round the centres, the necks and covers incrustated with coloured flower sprays. Among the Chelsea examples, three vases and covers and four beakers and covers, painted with insects and modelled with masks and flowers in high relief, the covers crowned by figures of birds.

Among the objects to be sold on March 7th at Messrs. Sotheby's are a sixteenth century rock crystal trencher salt, with silver-gilt mounts, chased with foliage and scrollwork, and also a curious knife and fork, of which the ivory handles are carved with the Temptation of Adam and Eve by the Serpent and their Expulsion from the Garden of Eden, Adam attempting—an episode for which there is no authority—to escape by climbing a tree; and one of Breguet's gold watches—*à tact*, or a blind watch, in a thin case, the outside of which has a broad single hand revolving with that on the dial, bearing the Paris mark of 1819-38.

Among the Continental objects that come up for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on March 14th is a good Della Robbia-ware bust of a female head and shoulders of heroic size, wearing a cap caught by a ribbon over a short falling veil at back, and a coloured embroidered dress; and, among English porcelain, a Chelsea watch-holder of rococo design, consisting of a park fountain surmounted by a globe and two cupids, the base decorated with water plants, ducks and a pointer, bearing the red anchor mark; and an oval Worcester basket of the Dr. Wall period, the bottom painted with exotic birds within a scale blue border. Among the English furniture to be sold the same day is a good Sheraton gentleman's wardrobe, in which the cupboard doors, having sunk ovals within an inlaid border, open to disclose trays, while the lower stage is fitted with four long drawers. This piece, which stands on bracket feet, is surmounted by a swan's neck pediment, with a brass vase ornament. There are also a pair of good satinwood knife-vases with rising tops and the original fittings, a pole screen, of which the octagonal panel is worked in *petit-point* with a vase of flowers framed in vine leaves; a secretary of English Regency date, of plain upright shape, inlaid, with fall-down front and lower stage formed as a cupboard; a kingwood Early Georgian card table dished for counters at the angles and with four candle-stands; and two Early Georgian mahogany stools. J. DE S.



A LOUIS XV. FAN COMMEMORATING THE MARRIAGE OF THE DAUPHINE.

of Prince Eugène Beauharnais wearing the Legion of Honour and other orders, by Isabey.

The fans collected by Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Miss Kate Terry) are to be sold the same day, and are of fine French and English workmanship. Of historic interest is the Louis XV fan, the ivory sticks pierced, gilded and carved, the linen leaf, which is spangled and gilt, painted with two palm trees, and with two shaped panels of courtship, rimmed with spangles. There are two busts and two medallions of the Royal children and in the centre, the sun in splendour. A small ivory fan of the Louis XIV period has finely carved outers, while the fan is painted in brilliant colours with three panels of drinking scenes and personages in pseudo-classic costume, relieved against a ground of minute gold and blue diaper. As is usual, the same design is outlined in puce on the reverse, with certain details gilt. In another fan of about the same date, the sticks and outers are of beautifully carved and gilt tortoiseshell, the leaf finely painted with a scene of Perseus destroying Phineas at the court of Cepheus.

Dating from the Louis XV period is a fan with mother-o'-pearl outers and ivory

with a knife, folding scissors and other small implements.

A watch, by "Berthoud à Paris," in a finely enamelled and chased gold case, and a silver chatelaine set with pastes, has attached to it, among other trinkets, a locket with the hair of Elizabeth, Marchioness of Graham, who died in 1786, and of James, Earl of Kincardine, who died in the following year.

Among the English furniture to be sold at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on March 7th is a cream lacquer cabinet, with small drawers enclosed by folding doors painted with figures in landscapes within shaped panels, and also with dolphins, classical vases and scrolls, supported on a pierced and carved cherrywood stand. A walnut bureau-bookcase, 38ins. wide, enclosed by folding panelled doors, inlaid with shaped panels of a darker wood and surmounted by a shaped moulded cornice, dates from the early eighteenth century. A twelve-fold Chinese "Coromandel" screen of cut and painted lacquer, is decorated with a garden and scene, Oriental buildings and personages, bordered with chrysanthemum and pæony branches, is brilliant and decorative; the reverse is of similar design. Of English wood-